

THE 7
LOYAL SUBJECT.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by

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AND

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.



L O N D O N,

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PROLOGUE.

WE need not, noble Gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The Mirth join'd with grave Matter, and Intent
To yield the Hearers Profit, with Delight,
Will speak the Maker: And to do him right,
Wou'd ask a Genius like to his; the Age
Mourning his Loss, and our now widow'd Stage
In vain lamenting. I cou'd add, so far
Behind him the most modern Writers are,
That when they wou'd commend him, their best Praise
Ruins the Buildings which they strive to raise
To his best Memory. So much a Friend
Presumes to write, secure 'twill not offend
The living that are modest; with the rest
That may repine he cares not to contest.
This Debt to Fletcher paid; it is profess'd
By us the Actors, we will do our best
To send such favouring Friends, as hither come
To grace the Scene, pleas'd and contented home.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Great Duke of Moscovia.

Archas, the Loyal Subject, General of the Moscovites.

Theodore, Son to Archas ; *valorous, but impatient.*

Putskie *alias* Briskie, a Captain, Brother to Archas

Alinda *alias* Archas, Son to Archas.

Burris, an honest Lord, the Duke's Favourite.

Boroskie, a malicious seducing Councellor to the Duke.

Ensign to Archas, a stout merry Soldier.

Soldiers.

Gentlemen.

Guard.

Servants.

W O M E N.

Olympia, Sister to the Duke.

Honora, } Daughters of Archas.

Viola, }

Potesca, } Servants to Olympia.

Ladies, }

Bawd, a Court Lady

SCENE MOSCO.

THE

T H E

Loyal Subject.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Theodore, and Putskie.

The. **C**aptain, your Friend's prefer'd, the Princess has her,
Who, I assure my self, will use her nobly;
A pretty sweet one 'tis indeed.

Put. Well bred, Sir,
I do deliver that upon my Credit,
And of an honest Stock. *The.* It seems so, Captain,
And no doubt will do well. *Put.* Thanks to your Care, Sir;
But tell me, noble Colonel, why this Habit
Of discontent is put on through the Army,
And why your valiant Father, our great General,
The Hand that taught to strike, the Love that led all,
Why he, that was the Father of the War,
He that beget, and bred the Soldier,
Why he fits shaking of his Arms, like Autumn,
His Colours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,
The Tongue of War for ever ty'd within us?

The. It must be so: Captain you are a Stranger,
But of a small time here a Soldier,
Yet that time shews ye a right good and great one,
Else I cou'd tell ye Hours are strangely alter'd:
The young Duke has too many Eyes upon him,
Too many Fears 'tis thought too, and to nourish those,
Maintains too many Instruments. *Put.* Turn their Hearts,
Or turn their Heels up, Heav'n: 'Tis strange it should be.
The old Duke lov'd him dearly. *The.* He deserv'd it,
And were he not my Father, I durst tell ye
The memorable Hazards he has run through

Deserv'd

Deserv'd of this Man too; highly deserv'd too;
 Had they been less, they had been safe, *Putskie*,
 And sooner reach'd Regard. *Put* There you struck sure, Sir.
be. Did I never tell thee of a Vow he made,
 Some Years before the old Duke dy'd? *Put.* I have heard ye
 Speak often of that Vow; but how it was,
 Or to what end, I never understood yet.

The. I'll tell thee then: And then thou'lt find the Reason.
 The last great Muster, 'twas before ye serv'd here,
 Before the last Duke's death, (whose honour'd Bones
 Now rest in Peace) this young Prince had the ordering
 (To Crown his Father's Hopes) of all the Army:
 Who, to be short, put all his Pow'r in Practice;
 Fashion'd, and drew 'em up: But alas, so poorly,
 So raggedly and loosely, so unsoldier'd,
 The good Duke blush'd, and call'd unto my Father,
 Who then was General: Go, *Archas*, speedily,
 And chide the Boy, before the Soldiers find him,
 Stand thou between his Ignorance and them,
 Fashion their Bodies new to thy Direction;
 Then draw thou up, and shew the Prince his Errors.
 My Sire obey'd, and did so; with all Duty
 Inform'd the Prince, and read him all Directions:
 This bred Distaste, Distaste grew up to Anger,
 And Anger into wild Words broke out thus.
 Well, *Archas*, if I live but to command here,
 To be but Duke once, I shall then remember.
 I shall remember truly, trust me, I shall,
 And by my Father's Hand—the rest his Eyes spoke.
 To which my Father answer'd (somewhat mov'd too)
 And with a Vow he seal'd it: Royal Sir,
 Since for my Faith and Fights, your Scorn and Anger
 Only pursue me; if I live to that Day,
 That Day so long expected to Reward me,
 By his so ever noble Hand you swore by,
 And by the Hand of Justice, never Arms more
 Shall rib this Body in, nor Sword hang here, Sir.
 The Conflicts I will do you service then in,
 Shall be repentant Prayers. So they parted.
 The time is come; and now ye know the Wonder.

Put. I find a Fear too, which begins to tell me,
 The Duke will have but poor and slight Defences,
 If this hot Humour reign, and not his Honour:
 How stand you with him, Sir? *The.* A perdue Captain,
 Full of my Father's Danger.

Put. He has rais'd a young Man,

They

They say a slight young Man, I know him not,
For what Desert? *The.* Believe it, a brave Gentleman,
Worthy the Duke's respect, a clear sweet Gentleman,
And of a noble Soul: Come let's retire us,
And wait upon my Father, who within this hour
You will find an alter'd Man. *Put.* I am sorry for't, Sir. [*Ex*

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, and two Gentlewomen.

Olym. Is't not a handsome Wench?

2 Wom. She is well enough, Madam:
I have seen a better Face and a straighter Body;
And yet she is a pretty Gentlewoman.

Olym. What think'st thou, *Petesca*?

Pet. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, she has a black Eye;
Which is of the least too, and the dullest Water:
And when her Mouth was made, for certain, Madam,
Nature intended her a right good Stomach.

Olym. She has a good Hand.

2 Wom. 'Tis good enough to hold fast,
And strong enough to strangle the Neck of a Lute.

Olym. What think ye of her Colour?

Pet. If it be her own

'Tis good black Blood: Right Weather-proof
I warrant it. *2 Wom.* What a strange Pace she has got?

Olym. That's but her Breeding.

Pet. And what a manly Body? methinks she looks
As though she wou'd pitch the Bar, or go to Buffers.

2 Wom. Yet her Behaviour's utterly against it,
For methinks she is too bashful. *Olym.* Is that hurtful?

2 Wom. Even equal to too bold: Either of 'em, Madam,
May do her Injury when time shall serve her.

Olym. You discourse learnedly; call in the Wench.

[*Exit Gent.*

What envious Fools are you? Is the Rule general,
That Women can speak handsomely of none,
But those they are bred withal?

Pet. Scarce well of those, Madam,
If they believe they may outshine 'em any way:
Our Natures are like Oyl, compound us with any thing,
Yet still we strive to swim o' th' top:
Suppose there were here now,
Now in this Court of *Mosco*, a Stranger Princess,
Of Blood and Beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many Eyes and Services stuck on her;

What

What wou'd you think?

Olym. I wou'd think she might deserve it.

Pet. Your Grace shall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a Woman, and so humour'd:
I'll tell ye, Madam, I cou'd then get more Gowns on ye,
More Caps and Feathers, more Scarfs, and more Silk-stockings
With rocking you asleep with nightly Railings
Upon that Woman, than if I had nine Lives
I cou'd wear out. By this Hand ye would scratch her Eyes out.

Olym. Thou art deceiv'd, Fool; now let your own Eye mock ye.

Enter Gentlewoman, and Alinda.

Come hither Girl: Hang me and she be not a handsome one.

Pet. I fear it will prove indeed so.

Olym. Did you ever serve yet
In any place of Worth? *Alin.* No, Royal Lady.

Pet. Hold up your Head; fie.

Olym. Let her alone, stand from her.

Alin. It shall be now,

Of all the Blessings my poor Youth has pray'd for,
The greatest and the happiest to serve you;
And might my Promise carry but that Credit
To be believ'd, because I am yet a Stranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from Duty,
From all the Service that my Life can lend me,
May everlasting Misery then find me.

Olym. What think ye now? I do believe, and thank ye;
And sure I shall not be so far forgetful,
To see that honest Faith die unrewarded:

What must I call your Name? *Alin.* *Alinda*, Madam.

Olym. Can ye sing?

Alin. A little, when my Grief will give me leave, Lady.

Olym. What Grief canst thou have, Wench?

Thou art not in Love?

Alin. If I be Madam, 'tis only with your Goodness;
For yet I never saw that Man I sigh'd for.

Olym. Of what Years are you?

Alin. My Mother oft has told me,
That very Day and Hour this Land was blest
With your most happy Birth, I first saluted
This World's fair Light. Nature was then so busie,
And all the Graces to adorn your Goodness;
I stole into the World poor and neglected.

Olym. Something there was, when I first lookt upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;
And you shall find that knowledge shall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid? *Alin.* I hope so too, Madam;

I am sure for any Man. And were I otherwise,
Of all the Services my Hopes could point at,
I durst not touch at yours.

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great Duke, Madam. *Duke.* Good morrow, Sister.

Olym. A good Day to your Highness.

Duke. I am come to pray you use no more Persuasions
For this old stubborn Man: Nay to command ye:
His Sail is swell'd too full: He is grown too insolent,
Too self-affected, proud: Those poor slight Services
He has done my Father, and my self, have blown him
To such a Pitch, he flies to stoop our Favours.

Olym. I am sorry, Sir: I ever thought those Services
Both Great and Noble. *Bur.* However, may it please ye
But to consider 'em a true heart's Servants,
Done out of Faith to serve you, and not self-fame.

Do but consider, Royal Sir, the Dangers,
When you have slept secure, the Mid-night Tempests,
That, as he marcht, sung through his aged Locks;
When you have fed at full, the Wants and Famines;
The Fires of Heav'n, when you have found all temperate,
Death with his thousand Doors——

Duke. I have consider'd;
No more: And that I will have, shall be. *Olym.* For the best,
I hope all still. *Duke.* What handsome Wench is that there?

Olym. My Servant, Sir. *Duke.* Prethee observe her *Burris*,
Is she not wondrous handsom? speak thy Freedom.

Bur. She appears no less to me, Sir. *Duke.* Of whence is she?

Olym. Her Father I am told is a good Gentleman,
But far off dwelling: Her desire to serve me
Brought her to th' Court, and here her Friends have left her.

Duke. She may find better Friends: Ye are welcome, fair one,
I have not seen a sweeter: By your Lady's leave:
Nay stand up, Sweet; we'll have no Superstition:
You have got a Servant; you may use him kindly,
And he may honour ye:

Good Morrow, Sister.

[*Exe. Duke, and Burris.*

Olym. Good Morrow to your Grace. How the Wench blushes?
How like an Angel now she looks? *Wom.* At first Jump,
Jump into the Duke's Arms? We must look to you,
Indeed we must, the next Jump we are Journey-men.

Pet. I see the Ruin of our Hopes already;
Would she were at home again, milking her Father's Cows.

Wom. I fear she'll milk all the great Courtiers first.

Olym. This has not made ye proud? *Alin.* No certain, Madam.

Olym. It was the Duke that kist ye. *Alin.* 'Twas your Brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but Honour.

The Loyal Subject.

Olym. But say he love ye? *Alin.* That he may with safety:
A Prince's Love extends to all his Subjects.

Olym. But say in more particular? *Alin.* Pray fear not:
For Virtues sake deliver me from Doubts, Lady.
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his Promises,
His Glories, and his Greatness, stuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your Service.
You are my Mistress, and my noble Master,
Your Virtues my Ambition, and your Favour
The end of all my Love, and all my Fortune:
And when I fail in that Faith——

Olym. I believe thee,
Come wipe your Eyes; I do: Take you Example——

Pet. I wou'd her Eyes were out.

Wom. If the Wind stand in this Door,
We shall have but cold Custom: Some trick or other,
And speedily. *Pet.* Let me alone to think on't.

Olym. Come, be you near me still. *Alin.* With all my Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Enter Archas, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, carrying his
Armour piece-meal, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Cases.*

The. This is the heaviest March we e'er trod, Captain.

Put. This was not wont to be: These honour'd Picces
The fiery God of War himself would smile at,
Buckl'd upon that Body, were not wont thus,
Like Relicks to be offer'd to long Rust,
And heavy-ey'd Oblivion brood upon 'em.

Arch. There set 'em down: And glorious War farewell;
Thou Child of Honour and ambitious Thoughts,
Begot in Blood, and nurs'd with Kingdoms Ruins;
Thou golden Danger, courted by thy Followers
Through Fires and Famines, for one Title from thee——
Prodigal Mankind spending all his Fortunes;
A long Farewel I give thee. Noble Arms,
You Ribs for mighty Minds, you Iron Houses,
Made to defie the Thunder-claps of Fortune,
Rust and consuming Time must now dwell with ye:
And thou good Sword that knew'st the way to Conquest,
Upon whose fatal Edge Despair and Death dwelt,
That when I shook thee thus, fore-shew'd Destruction,
Sleep now from Blood, and grace my Monument.
Farewell my Eagle; when thou flew'st, whole Armies
Have stoopt below thee: At Passage I have seen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy Fury;

And

And bang 'em up together, as a Tassel,
Upon the stretch, a Flock of fearful Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his Head up,
And rais'd his Waters high, to see the Ruins,
The Ruins our Swords made, the bloody Ruins,
Then flew this Bird of Honour bravely, Gentlemen.
But these must be forgotten: So must these too,
And all that tend to Arms, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy Men, my Vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And sacred Rites of War to adorn the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the World their Master
Is now Devotion's Soldier, fit for Pray'r.
Why do ye hang your Heads? Why look you sad, Friends?
I am not dying yet. *The.* Ye are indeed to us, Sir.

Put. Dead to our Fortunes, General. *Arch.* You'll find a better,
A greater and a stronger Man to lead ye,
And to a stronger Fortune. I am old, Friends,
Time and the Wars together make me stoop, Gentlemen,
Stoop to my Grave: My Mind unfurnish'd too,
Empty and weak as I am: My poor Body,
Able for nothing now but Contemplation,
And that will be a task too to a Soldier:
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I think I should have ventur'd
For one knock more, I should have made a shift yet
To have broke one staff more handsomely, and have died
Like a good Fellow, and an honest Soldier,
In the lead of ye all, with my Sword in my Hand,
And so have made an end of all with Credit.

The. Well, there will come an hour, when all these Injuries,
These secure Sights—— *Arch.* Ha! No more of that Sirrah,
Not one word more of that, I charge ye. *The.* I must speak, Sir.
And may that Tongue forget to sound your Service,
That's dumb to your Abuses. *Arch.* Understand, Fool,
That voluntary I sit down. *The.* You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your Safety: I too well remember
The Time and Cause, and I may live to curse 'em:
You made this Vow, and whose Unnobleness,
Indeed forgetfulness of good—— *Arch.* No more,
As thou art mine, no more. *The.* Whose Doubt and Envy —
But the Devil will have his due.

Put. Good gentle Colonel.

The. And though Disgraces, and contempt of Honour
Reign now, the Wheel must turn again.

Arch. Peace, Sirrah,
Your Tongue's too saucy: Do you stare upon me?
Down with that Heart, down suddenly, down with it,
Down with that Disobedience; tie that Tongue up.

The. Tongue?

Arch. Do not provoke me to forget my Vow, Sirrah,
And draw that fatal Sword again in Anger.

Pet. For Heav'n's sake, Colonel. *Arch.* Do not let me doubt
Whose Son thou art, because thou canst not suffer:
Do not play with mine Anger; if thou dost,
By all the Loyalty my Heart holds——

The. I have done, Sir,
Pray pardon me. *Arch.* I pray be worthy of it.
Beswore your Heart, you have vexed me. *The.* I am sorry, Sir.

Arch. Go to, no more of this: Be true and honest,
I know ye are Man enough, mould it to just Ends,
And let not my Disgraces, then I am miserable,
When I have nothing left me but thy Angers:

Flourish. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, *Attend.* and *Gent.*

Put. And't please ye, Sir, the Duke.

Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious Emblem?

Arch. Your Grace shou'd first remember——

Bor. There's his Nature.

Duke. I do, and shall remember still that Injury,
That at the Muster, where it pleas'd your Greatness
To laugh at my poor Soldiership, to scorn it;
And more to make me seem ridiculous,
Took from my Hands my Charge. *Bur.* O think not so, Sir.

Duke. And in my Father's fight. *Arch.* Heav'n be my Witness.
I did no more, (and that with Modesty,
With Love and Faith to you) than was my Warrant,
And from your Father seal'd, nor durst that Rudeness,
And Impudence of Scorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew Duty. *Duke.* We shall teach ye;
I well remember too, upon some Words I told ye,
Then at that time, some angry Words ye answer'd;
If ever I were Duke, you were no Soldier.

You have kept your word, and so it shall be to you,
From henceforth I dismiss you; take your ease, Sir.

Arch. I humbly thank your Grace; this wasted Body,
Beaten and bruised with Arms, dry'd up with Troubles,
Is good for nothing else but Quiet now, Sir,
And holy Pray'rs; in which, when I forget
To thank Heav'n for all your bounteous Favours,
May that be Deaf, and my Petitions perish.

Bor.

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Bor. What a smooth humble Cloak he has cas'd his Pride in?
And how he has pull'd his Claws in? There's no trusting—

Bur. Speak for the best *Bor.* Believe I shall do for ever.

Duke. To make ye understand, we feel not yet
Such Dearth of Valour, and Experience,
Such a declining Age of doing Spirits,
That all should be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd: Take, *Boroskie*,
The place he has commanded, lead the Soldier;
A little time will bring thee to his Honour,
Which has been nothing but the World's Opinion,
The Soldiers Fondness, and a little Fortune,
Which I believe his Sword had the least share in.

The. O that I durst but answer now. *Put.* Good Colonel.

The. My Heart will break else. Royal Sir, I know not
What you esteem Mens Lives, whose hourly Labours,
And loss of Blood, Consumptions in your Service,
Whose Bodies are acquainted with more Miseries,
And all to keep you safe, than Dogs or Slaves are.
His Sword the least share gain'd?

Duke. You will not fight with me? *The.* No Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince, but I dare speak to ye,
And dare speak Truth, which none of their Ambitions
That be Informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet Truth will now but anger ye; I am sorry for't,
And so I take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Duke. Ev'n when you please, Sir.

Arch. Sirrah, see me no more. *Duke.* And so may you too:
You have a House i'th' Country, keep you there, Sir,
And when you have rul'd your self, teach your Son Manners,
For this time I forgive him. *Arch.* Heav'n forgive all;
And to your Grace a happy and long Rule here.
And you, Lord General, may your Fights be prosperous.
In all your Course may Fame and Fortune court you.
Fight for your Country, and your Prince's Safety;
Boldly, and bravely face your Enemy,
And when you strike, strike with that killing Virtue;
As if a general Plague had seiz'd before ye;
And then come home an old and noble Story.

Bur. A little Comfort, Sir. *Duke.* As little as may be:
Farewel, you know your Limit.

[Ex. Duke, &c.]

Bur. Alas, brave Gentleman.

Arch. I do, and will observe it suddenly.
My Grave; ay, that's my Limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor can that make me start, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim Soldier now:

I have seen him in his fowrest shapes, and dreadfull'st;
 Ay, and I thank my Honesty, have stood him:
 That Audit's cast; farewel my honest Soldiers,
 Give me your Hands; farewel, farewel good *Ancient*,
 A stout Man, and a true, thou art come in Sorrow.
 Blessings upon your Swords, may they ne'er fail ye;
 You do but change a Man; your Fortune's constant;
 That by your ancient Valours is ty'd fast still;
 Be valiant still, and good: And when ye fight next,
 When Flame and Fury make but one Face of Horror,
 When the great rest of all your Honour's up,
 When you wou'd think a Spell to shake the Enemy,
 Remember me, my Prayers shall be with ye:
 So once again farewel. *Put.* Let's wait upon ye.

Arch. No, no, it must not be; I have now left me
 A single Fortune to my self, no more,
 Which needs no Train, nor Compliment; good Captain,
 You are an honest and a sober Gentleman,
 And one I think has lov'd me. *Put.* I am sure on't.

Arch. Look to my Boy, he's grown too headstrong for me.
 And if they think him fit to carry Arms still,
 His Life is theirs; I have a House i' th' Country,
 And when your better hours will give you Liberty,
 See me: You shall be welcome. Fortune to ye. [Exit.]

Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good;
 And 'twill but make me dry, and I have no Mony.
 I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
 And if I can do that, I care not for Mony.
 I cou'd have curst reasonable well, and I have had the luck too
 To have 'em sit sometimes. Whosoever thou art,
 That like a Devil didst possess the Duke
 With these malicious Thoughts; mark what I say to thee,
 A Plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.

Sol. O take the Pox too. *Anc.* They'll cure one another;
 I must have none but kills, and those kill stinking.
 Or look ye, let the single Pox possess them,
 Or Pox upon Pox. *Put.* That's but ill i' th' Arms, Sir.

Anc. 'Tis worse i' th' Legs, I wou'd not wish it else:
 And may those grow to Scabs as big as Mole-hills,
 And twice a Day, the Devil with a Curricomb
 Scratch 'em, and scrub 'em: I warrant him he has 'em.

Sol. May he be ever Lowzy. *Anc.* That's a Pleasure,
 The Beggar's Lechery, sometimes the Soldier's:
 May he be ever lazy, stink where he stands,
 And Maggots breed in's Brains. *2 Sol.* Ay, marry Sir,
 May he fall mad in Love with his Grand-mother,

And

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And kissing her, may her Teeth drop into his Mouth,
And one fall cross his Throat, then let him gargle.

Enter a Post.

Put. Now what's the matter?

Post. Where's the Duke, pray Gentlemen?

Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miss.

Post. I thank ye.

[*Exit.*

Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's Cuckol'd,
And when he wakes believe, and swear he saw it,
Sue a Divorce, and after find her honest:
Then in a pleasing Pigsty, with his own Garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the Devil.

Put. If these wou'd do——

Anc. I'll never trust my Mind more,
If all these fail. *1 Sol.* What shall we do now, Captain?
For by this honest Hand I'll be torn in pieces,
Unless my old General go, or some that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.

I can make a Shoo yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the Leg well. *Anc.* Fight? 'Tis likely!
No, there will be the Sport Boys, when there's need on's:
They think the other Crown will do, will carry us.

And the brave golden Coat of Captain *Cankers*
Borowski. What a noise his very Name carries?

'Tis Gun enough to fright a Nation,
He needs no Soldiers; if he do, for my part,
I promise ye he's like to seek 'em; so I think you think too,
And all the Army; No, honest, brave old *Archus*,
We cannot so soon leave thy Memory,
So soon forget thy Goodness: He that does,
The scandal and the scum of Arms be counted.

Put. You much rejoyce me now you have hit my meaning;
I durst not press ye till I found your Spirits:
Continue thus. *Anc.* I'll go and tell the Duke on't.

Enter second Post.

Put. No, no, he'll find it soon enough, and fear it,
When once occasion comes. Another Packet!
From whence, Friend, come you?

2 Post. From the Borders, Sir.

Put. What news, Sir, I beseech you?

2 Post. Fire and Sword, Gentlemen;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force
Comes forward, like a Tempest, all before him
Burning and killing. *Anc.* Brave Boys, brave News, Boys.

2 Post. Either we must have present help—— *Anc.* Still braver.

2 Post. Where lies the Duke? *Sol.* He's there.

2 Post.

2 *Post.* 'Save ye Gentlemen.

[*Exit.*

Anc. We are safe enough, I warrant thee.

Now the time's come.

Put. Ay, now 'tis come indeed, and now stand firm, Boys,
And let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This City would make a fine marvellous Bonfire:
'Tis old dry Timber, and such Wood has no Fellow.

2 *Sol.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like so many Pigs in a Storm,
When they hear the news once.

Enter Boroskie, and a Servant.

Put. Here's one has heard it already;
Room for the General.

Bor. Say I am fall'n exceeding sick o' th' sudden,
And am not like to live. *Put.* If ye go on, Sir,
For they will kill ye certainly; they look for ye.

Anc. I see your Lordship's bound, take a Suppository,
'Tis I Sir, a poor cast Flag of yours. The foolish *Tartars*
They burn and kill, and't like your Honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns, Sir.
What says your Lordship to a Chick in sorrel Seps?

Put. Go, go thy ways old True-penny;
Thou hast but one fault: Thou art even too valiant.
Come, t' th' Army Gentlemen, and let's make them acquainted.

Sol. Away, we are for ye.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, and two Gentlewomen.

Alin. Why, whither run ye Fools; will ye leave my Lady?

Pet. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes. *Alin.* Why, let him,
I thought you had fear'd no Men: Upon my Conscience
You have try'd their Strengths already; stay for shame.

Pet. Shift for thy self, *Alinda.*

[*Exit.*

Alin. Beauty bleß ye:

Into what Groom's Feather-Bed will you creep now,
And there mistake the Enemy? sweet Youths ye are,
And of a constant Courage; are you affraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. O my good Wench, what shall become of us?
The Posts come hourly in, and bring new Danger;
The Enemy is past the *Volga*, and bears hither
With all the Blood and Cruelty he carries.
My Brother now will find his Fault. *Alin.* I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, Madam. But pray fear not,
All will be well, I hope. Sweet Madam, shake not.

Olym.

Olym. How cam'st thou by this Spirit? our Sex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with these Dangers;
And you shall know my Truth; for e'er you perish,
A hundred Swords shall pass through me: 'Tis but dying,
And Madam we must do it: The manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely Thoughts to you,
And take my Counsel too; go presently,
With all the haste ye have, (I will attend ye)
With all the possible speed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours ye; with all your Art perswade him,
(Twill be a dismal Time else) woo him hither,
But hither Madam, make him see the Danger;
For your new General looks like an Ass;
There's nothing in his Face but Loss. *Olym.* I'll do it.
And thank thee, sweet *Alinda*: O my Jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! by this Hand, Wench,
If thou wert a Man—— *Alin.* I wou'd I were to fight for you.
But haste, dear Madam. *Olym.* I need no Spurs, *Alinda*.

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, 2 Posts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The Lord General sick now? is this a time
For Men to creep into their Beds? What's become, Post,
Of my Lieutenant? *Post.* Beaten, and't please your Grace,
And all his Forces sparkled.

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold News.
How now, what good News? are the Soldiers ready?
Gen. Yes, Sir, but fight they will not, nor stir from that Place
They stand in now, unless they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out; they rail upon this General,
And sing Songs of him, scurvy Songs, to worse Tunes:
And much they spare not you, Sir: Here they swear
They'll stand and see the City burnt, and dance about it,
Unless Lord *Archas* come, before they fight for't:
It must be so, Sir. *Duke.* I cou'd wish it so too;
And to that end I have sent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I fear will fail; we must die, Gentlemen,
And one stroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'st thou, *Burris*?

Bur. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir;
I found him at his Prayers, there he tells me,
The Enemy shall take him, fit for Heav'n:
I urg'd to him all our Dangers, his own Worths,

The Country's Ruin; nay I kneel'd and pray'd him;
 He shook his Head, let fall a Tear, and pointed
 Thus with his Finger to the Ground; a Grave
 I think he meant; and this was all he answer'd.
 You Grace was much to blame:

Where's the new General? *Duke.* He's sick, poor Man.

Bur. He's a poor Man indeed, Sir:

Your Grace must needs go to the Soldier.

Duke. They have sent me Word
 They will not stir, they rail at me,
 And all the spight they have——

[*Shout within.*

What Shout is that there?

Is the Enemy come so near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I have brought him, Sir,
 At length I have woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy Sister,
 O blessed Woman!

Olym. Use him nobly, Brother;
 You never had more need: And Gentlemen,
 All the best Powers ye have to Tongues: turn presently,
 To winning and perswading Tongues: All my Art,
 Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
 Let it be yours to Arm him; And, good my Lord,
 Though I exceed the Limit you allow'd me,
 Which was the happiness to bring ye hither,
 And not to urge ye farther; yet, see your Country,
 Out of your own sweet Spirit now behold it:
 Turn round, and look upon the Miseries,
 On every side the Fears; O see the Dangers;
 We find 'em soonest, therefore hear me first, Sir.

Duke. Next hear your Prince:

You have said you lov'd him, *Archas*,
 And thought your Life too little for his Service;
 Think not your Vow too great now, now the Time is,
 And now you are brought to th' Test, touch right now Soldier,
 Now shew the manly pureness of thy Mettle;
 Now if thou beest that valued Man, that Virtue,
 That great Obedience teaching all, now stand it.
 What have I said forget, my Youth was hasty,
 And what you said your self forgive, you were angry.
 If Men could live without their Faults, they were Gods, *Archas*.
 He weeps, and holds his Hands up: To him, *Burris*.

Bur. You have shew'd the Prince his Faults;
 And like a good Surgeon you have laid
 That to 'em makes 'em smart; he feels it,
 Let 'em not fester now, Sir; your own Honour,

The

The Bounty of that Mind, and your Allegiance,
'Gainst which, I take it, Heav'n gives no Command, Sir,
Nor seals no Vow, can better teach ye now
What ye have to do, than I, or this necessity;
Only this little's left; wou'd ye do nobly,
And in the Eye of Honour truly triumph?
Conquer that Mind first, and then Men are nothing.

Alin. Last, a poor Virgin kneels; for Loves sake, General,
If I ever you have lov'd; for her sake, Sir,
For your own Honesty, which is a Virgin,
Look up, and pity us, be bold and fortunate,
You are a Knight, a good and noble Soldier,
And when your Spurs were giv'n ye, your Sword buckl'd,
Then were you sworn for Virtue's Cause, for Beauty's,
For Chastity to strike; strike now, they suffer;
Now draw your Sword, or else you are Recreant,
Only a Knight i' th' Heels, i' th' Heart a Coward;
Your first Vow Honour made, your last but Anger.

Arch. How like my virtuous Wife this thing looks, speaks too?
So wou'd she chide my Dulness. Fair one, I thank ye.

My gracious Sir, your Pardon, next your Hand:
Madam, your Favour, and your Prayers; Gentlemen,
Your Wishes, and your Loves; and pretty sweet one,
A favour for your Soldier. *Olym.* Give him this, Wench.

Alin. Thus do I tye on Victory. *Arch.* My Armour,
My Horse, my Sword, my touch Staff, and my Fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to shake thy Glory.

Duke. Go, Brave and Prosperous, our Loves go with thee.

Olym. Full of thy Virtue, and our Pray'rs attend thee.

Bur. &c. Lode with Victory, and we to honour thee.

Alin. Come home the Son of Honour,
And I'll serve ye. [Exeunt.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO News of *Archas* yet?

Bur. But now, and't please ye,
A Post came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd. He saw the Armies join,
The Game of Blood begun, and by our General,
Who never was acquainted but with Conquest,
So bravely fought, he saw the *Tartars* shaken,
And there he said he left 'em. *Duke.* Where's *Boroskie*?

The Loyal Subject.

1 *Gent.* He's up again, and't please ye. *Bur.* Sir, methinks
This News should make ye lightsome, bring Joy to ye,
It strikes our Hearts with general Comfort. [*Exit Duke.*]
Gone? What shou'd this mean, so suddenly?
He's well? 2 *Gent.* We see no other.

1 *Gent.* Wou'd the rest were well too,
That put these Starts into him. *Bur.* I'll go after him.

2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir: H'as some Secret in him
He would not be disturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has cross't him since the General went? *Bur.* Not any:
If there had been, I am sure I should have found it:
Only I have heard him oft complain for Mony:
Mony he says he wants. 1 *Gent.* It may be that then.

Bur. To him that has so many ways to raise it,
And those so honest, it cannot be.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him. *Bur.* There the Game goes,
I fear some new thing hatching. *Duke.* Come hither, *Burris.*
Go see my Sister, and commend me to her,
And to my little Mistress give this Token;
Tell her I'll see her shortly.

Bur. Yes, I shall, Sir.

[*Exe. Bur. and Gent.*]

Duke. Wait you without. I wou'd yet try him further.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiss. Has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i'th' Field? *Duke.* A Post but now
Came in, who saw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The Enemy gave Ground before he parted: *Bor.* 'Tis well.

Duke. Come, speak thy Mind Man. 'Tis not for fighting,
A Noise of War, I keep thee in my Bosom;
Thy Ends are nearer to me; from my Childhood
Thou brought'st me up: And like another Nature,
Made good all my Necessities. Speak boldly.

Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but Envy,
Though I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your Honour,
When vain and empty People shall proclaim me——

Good Sir, excuse me. *Duke.* Do you fear me for your Enemy?

Speak on your Duty. *Bor.* Then I must, and dare, Sir.

When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their Loves and Praises,

That Glass will shew him ten times greater, Sir,

(And make him strive to make good that Proportion)

Than e'er his Fortune bred him; he is honourable,

At least I strive to understand him so,

And of a Nature, if not this way Poyson'd,

Perfect enough, easie, and sweet, but those are soon seduc'd, Sir;
He's

The Loyal Subject.

21

He's a great Man, and what that Pill may work,
Prepar'd by general Voices of the People,
Is the end of all my Counsel, only this, Sir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he stand a while well,
But till the Soldier cool, whom, for their Service
You must pay now most liberally, most freely,
And show'r your self into 'em; 'tis the Bounty
They follow with their Loves, and nott he Bravery.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Duke. But where's the Mony? how now?

2 Gent. Sir, the Colonel,

Son to the Lord *Archas*, with most happy News
Of the *Tartars* Overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's Pleasure. *Bor.* Be not seen, Sir,
He's a bold Fellow, let me stand his Thunders,
To th' Court he must not come. No Blessing here, Sir,
No Face of Favour, if you love your Honour

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meetest; I'll retire, Sir. [*Exit.*]

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir——Welcome, noble Colonel.

The. That's much from your Lordship: Pray where's the Duke?

Bor. We hear you have beat the *Tartar*. *The.* Is he busie, Sir?

Bor. Have ye taken *Olin* yet? *The.* I wou'd fain speak with him.

Bor. How many Men have ye lost? *The.* Does he lye this way?

Bor. I am sure you fought it bravely. *The.* I must see him.

Bor. You cannot yet, ye must not, what's your Commission?

The. No Gentleman o' th' Chamber here? *Bor.* Why, pray ye,
Am not I fit to entertain your business? (Sir,

The. I think you are not, Sir; I am sure ye shall not.
I bring no Tales, nor Flatteries: In my Tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd Stings. *Bor.* You keep your Bluntness.

The. You are deceiv'd: It keeps me: I had felt else
Some of your Plagues e'er this: But, good Sir, trifle not,
I have business to the Duke. *Bor.* He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be spoken withal. *The.* Not well, Sir?
How wou'd he ha' been, if we had lost? Not well, Sir?
I bring him News to make him well: His Enemy
That wou'd have his City burnt here, and your House too,
Your brave gilt-house, my Lord, your Honours hangings,
Where all your Ancestors, and all their Battels,
Their Silk and golden Battels are decipher'd:
That would not only have abus'd your Buildings,
Your goodly Buildings, Sir, and have drunk your Butteries,
Purloin'd your Lordship's Plate, the Duke bettow'd on you,
For turning handsomely o' th' Toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordship,

'Tis

'Tis ten to one, your Wife too, and the Curse is
 You had had no Remedy against these Rascals,
 No Law, and't like your Honour; wou'd have kill'd you too,
 And roasted ye, and eaten ye, e'er this Time:
 Notable Knaves my Lord, unruly Rascals:
 These Youths have we ty'd up, put Muzzels on 'em,
 And par'd their Nails, that honest civil Gentlemen,
 And such most noble Persons at your self is,
 May live in Peace, and rule the Land with a twine of Thread.
 These News I bring. *Bor.* And were they thus deliver'd ye?

The. My Lord, I am no Pen-man, nor no Orator,
 My Tongue was never Oyl'd with Here and't like ye,
 There I beseech ye; weigh, I am a Soldier,
 And Truth I covet only, no fine Terms, Sir;
 I come not to stand treating here; my business
 Is with the Duke, and of such a general Blessing——

Bor. You have overthrown the Enemy, we know it,
 And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honest Subjects,
 You have done handsomely and well. *The.* But well, Sir?
 But handsomely and well? what, are we Juglers?
 I'll do all that in cutting up a Capon.

But handsomely and well? Does your Lordship take us
 For the Duke's Tumblers? we have done bravely, Sir,
 Ventur'd our Lives like Men. *Bor.* Then bravely be it.

The. And for as brave Rewards we look, and Graces,
 We have Sweat and bled for't, Sir. *Bor.* And ye may have it,
 If you will stay the giving. Men that thank themselves first
 For any good they do, take off the Lustre,
 And blot the Benefit. *The.* Are these the Welcomes,
 The Bells that ring out our Rewards? pray heartily,
 Early and late, there may be no more Enemies:
 Do my good Lord, pray seriously, and sigh too,
 For if there be—— *Bor.* They must be met, and fought with.

The. By whom? by you? they must be met and flatter'd.
 Why, what a Devil ail'd ye to do these things:
 With what assurance dare ye mock Men thus?
 You have but single Lives, and those I take it
 A Sword may find too: Why do ye dam the Duke up?
 And choak that course of Love, that like a River
 Should fill our empty Veins again with Comforts?
 But if you use these knick knacks,
 This fast and loose, with faithful Men and honest,
 You'll be the first will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putskey, Ancient, and others.

Bor. You are too Untemperate.

The. Better be so, and Thief too, than unthankful:

Pray

Pray use this old Man so, and then we are paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your Service, and the Court thanks ye,
And wonderful desirous they are to see ye;
Pray Heav'n we have room enough to march for May-games,
Pageants, and Bonfires for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your most noble Friend the Lord *Boroskie*,
A Gentleman too tender of your Credit,
And ever in the Duke's Ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazy and Sickly, yet to be your Servant,
Has leapt into the open Air to meet ye. (home, Sir;

Bor. The best is, your Words wound not; You are welcome
Heartily welcome home, and for your Service,
The noble Overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke salutes ye too with all his Thanks, Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us. *Put.* There's a Reason:
But by the changing of the Colonel's Countenance,
The rolling of his Eyes like angry Billows,
I fear the Wind's not down yet, *Ancient.*

Arch. Is the Duke well, Sir? *Bor.* Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an Ague,
Which cannot last. He has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loth as yet to give your Worth due welcome,
The Sickness hath been somewhat hot i'th' Army,
Which happily may prove more Doubt than Danger,
And more his Fear than Fate; yet howsoever,
An honest Care—— *Arch.* Ye say right, and it shall be;
For though upon my Life 'tis but a Rumor,
A meer Opinion, without Faith or Fear in't;
For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we never stood more healthy,
Never more high and lusty; yet to satisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his State, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further Distance, and less Danger.

Bor. It will be well. *Anc.* It will be very scurvy:
I smell it out, it stinks abominably,
Stir it no more. *Bor.* The Duke, Sir, wou'd have you too;
For a short Day or two, retire to your own House,
Whither himself will come to visit ye,
And give ye thanks. *Arch.* I shall attend his Pleasure.

Anc. A Trick, a lousie Trick: So ho, a Trick Boys.

Arch. How now, what's that?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare, Sir,
But 'tis a Fox, an old Fox, shall we hunt him? (sawey,

Arch. No more such Words. *Bor.* The Soldier's grown too.
You must tie him straighter up. *Arch.* I do my best, Sir;
But Men of free-born Minds sometimes will flie out.

Anc.

Anc. May not we see the Duke?

Bor. Not at this time, Gentlemen,

Your General knows the Cause. *Anc.* We have no Plague, Sir,

Unless it be in our Pay, nor no Pox, neither;

Or if we had, I hope that good old Courtier

Will not deny us place there. *Put.* Certain my Lord,

Considering what we are, and what we have done;

If not, what need ye may have, 'twou'd be better,

A great deal nobler, and taste honest

To use us with more Sweetness; Men that dig

And lash away their Lives at the Carrs tail,

Double our Comforts; Meat, and their Masters Thanks too,

When they work well, they have; Men of our Quality,

When they do well, and venture for't with Valour,

Fight hard, lye hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir,

And know these are deserving things, things worthy,

Can you blame 'em if their Minds a little

Be stir'd with Glory? 'tis a Pride becomes 'em,

A little season'd with Ambition,

To be respected, reckon'd well, and honour'd

For what they have done: When to come home thus poorly,

And meet with such unjoynted Joy, so looked on,

As if we had done no more but drest a Horse well;

So entertain'd, as if, I thank ye Gentlemen,

Take that to drink, had pow'r to please a Soldier?

Where be the Shouts, the Bells rung out, the People?

The Prince himself? *Arch. Peace.* I perceive your Eye, Sir,

Is fixt upon this Captain for his Freedom,

And happily you find his Tongue too forward;

As I am Master of the Place I carry,

'Tis fit I think so too; but were I this Man,

No stronger tie upon me, than the Truth

And Tongue to tell it, I shou'd speak as he do's,

And think with Modesty enough, such Saints

That daily thrust their Loves and Lives through Hazards,

And fearless for their Country's Peace, march hourly

Through the Doors of Death, and know the darkest,

Shou'd be better canoniz'd for their Service:

What Labour wou'd these Men neglect, what Danger

Where Honour is, though seated in a Billow,

Rising as high as Heav'n, wou'd not these Soldiers,

Like to so many Sea-Gods charge up to it?

Do you see these Swords? Time's Sythe was ne'er so sharp, Sir,

Nor ever at one Harvest mow'd such handfuls:

Thoughts ne'er so sudden, nor Belief so sure

When they are drawn; and were it not sometimes

I swim upon their Angers to allay 'em,
And like a Calm depress their full Intentions;
They are so deadly sure, nature wou'd suffer——
And whose are all these Glories? why, their Prince's,
Their Country's, and their Friends? Alas, of all these,
And all the happy ends they bring, the Blessings,
They only share the Labours: A little Joy then,
And outside of a welcome, at an upshot
Would not have done amiss, Sir; But howsoever
Between me and my Duty, no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope by my Example
No Discontent in them: Without doubt, Gentlemen,
The Duke will both look suddenly and truly
On our Deserts: Methinks 'twere good they were paid, Sir.

Bor. They shall be immediately; I stay for Mony;
And any Favour else—— *Arch.* We are all bound to ye;
And so I take my leave, Sir; when the Duke pleases
To make me worthy of his Eyes— *Bor.* Which will be suddenly,
I know his good Thoughts to ye. *Arch.* With all Duty,
And all Humility, I shall attend, Sir.

Bor. Once more you are welcome home: These shall be satisfied.

The. Be sure we be, and handsomely.

Arch. Wait you on me, Sir.

The. And honestly: No juggling.

Arch. Will ye come, Sir?

Bor. Pray do not doubt. — *The.* We are no Boys.

[Exit.

[Exit.

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with Mony.

Bor. Well, Sir.

Gent. Here's Mony from the Duke, and't please your Lordship.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How sowre the Soldiers look? *Bor.* Is't told?

Gent. Yes, and for every Company a double Pay,
And the Duke's Love to all. *Anc.* That's worth a Duckat.

Bor. You that be Officers, see it discharg'd then.

Why do not you take it up? *Anc.* 'Tis too heavy:

'Body o'me, I have strain'd mine Arm. *Bor.* Do you scorn it? (men,

Anc. Has your Lordship any Dice about ye? sit round Gentle-

And come on seven for my share. *Put.* Do you think, Sir,

This is the end we fight? can this Dirt draw us

To such a stupid Tameness, that our Service

Neglected and look'd lamely on, and skew'd at,

With a few honourable Words, and this, is righted?

Have we not Eyes and Ears, to hear and see, Sir,

And Minds to understand the slights we carry?

I come home old, and full of Hurts; Men look on me,

As if I had got 'em from a Whore, and shun me;

I tell my Griefs, and fear my Wants, I am answer'd,
 Alas 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday.
 These are the Sores we sick of, the Minds Maladies,
 And can this cure 'em? You shou'd have us'd us nobly,
 And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
 To the World's Eye, have shew'd and fainted us,
 Then ye had paid us bravely: Then we had shin'd, Sir,
 Not in this gilded stuff, but in our Glory:
 You may take back your Mony. *Gent.* This I fear'd still.

Bor. Consider better, Gentlemen. *Anc.* Thank your Lord sh
 And now I'll put on my considering Cap:
 My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may guess it
 By having no fute to you for this Mony:
 For though I want, I want not this, nor shall not,
 While you want that Civility to rank it
 With those Rights we expected; Mony grows, Sir,
 And Men must gather it, all is not put in one Purse.
 And that I am no Carter, I cou'd never whistle yet:
 But that I am a Soldier, and a Gentleman,
 And a fine Gentleman, and't like your Honour,
 And a most pleasant Companion: *All you that are witty,*
Come list to my Ditty; Come set in Boys,
 With your Lordships Patience.

[Song.]

How do you like my Song, my Lord?

Bor. Ev'n as I like your self, but 'twould be a great deal better,
 You would prove a great deal wiser, and take this Mony,
 In your own Phrase I speak now, Sir, and 'tis very well
 You have learn'd to sing; for since you prove so liberal,
 To refuse such means as this, maintain your Voice still,
 'Twill prove your best Friend. *Anc.* 'Tis a singing Age, Sir,
 A merry Moon here now: I'll follow it:
 Fidling, and fooling now, gains more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at? What would you ask?
 Speak freely.

Sol. And so we dare. A Triumph for the General.

Put. And then an Honour special to his Virtue.

Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have serv'd for it,
 And cram'd up into favour like the worshipful,
 At least upon the City's Charge made drunk
 For one whole Year; we have done 'em ten Years Service;
 That we may enjoy our Lechery without grudging,
 And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equal,
 And catch as catch may, be proclaim'd: That when we borrow,
 And have no will to pay again, no Law
 Lay hold upon us, nor no Court controul us.

Bor. Some of these may come to pass; the Duke may do 'em,

And

And no doubt will: The General will find too,
And so will you, if you but stay with Patience: I have no Pow'r.

Put. Nor Will. Come, Fellow-Soldiers.

Bor. Pray be not distrustful. *Put.* There are ways yet,
And honest ways; we are not brought up Statues.

Anc. If your Lordship

Have any silk Stockings, that have holes i' th' Heels,
Or ever an Honourable Cassock that wants Buttons,
I could have cur'd such Maladies: Your Lordship's custom
And my good Lady's, if the Bones want setting
In her old Bodice—— *Bor.* This is Disobedience.

Anc. Eight Pence a Day, and hard Eggs.

Put. Troop off, Gentlemen,

Some Coin we have, whilst this lasts, or our Credits,
We'll never sell our General's worth for six Pence.
Ye are beholding to us. *Anc.* Fare ye well, Sir,
And buy a Pipe with that: Do ye see this Scarf, Sir?
By this Hand I'll cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your Benevolence.
Now to our old Occupations again.
By your leave, Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

Bor. You will bite when ye are sharper; take up the Mony.
This Love I must remove, this Fondness to him,
This tenderness of Heart; I have lost my way else.
There is no sending, Man, they will not take it,
They are yet too full of Pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long: Come bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, refus'd their Mony? *Bor.* Very bravely,
And stand upon such terms 'tis terrible.

Duke. Where's *Archas*?

Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his House,
According to your Pleasure, full of Duty
To outward shew: But what within—— *Duke.* Refuse it?

Bor. Most confidently: 'Tis not your Revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a General
That knows no Ebb of Bounty: There they eat, Sir,
And loath your Invitations. *Duke.* 'Tis not possible,
He's poor as they. *Bor.* You'll find it otherwise.
Pray make your Journey thither presently,
And as ye go I'll open ye a wonder.

Good Sir, this Morning. *Duke.* Follow me, I'll do it. [*Exe.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.

Olym. But do you think my Brother loves her?

Bur. Certain, Madam

He speaks much of her, and sometimes with wonder,
Oft wishes she were nobler born.

Olym. Do you think him honest?

Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his Heart, than I am;
Upon my Life I hold him so. *Olym.* 'Tis a poor Wench,
I wou'd not have her wrong'd: Methinks my Brother—
But I must not give Rules to his Affections;
Yet if he weigh her worth—

Bur. You need not fear, Madam.

Olym. I hope I shall not. Lord *Burris*,
I love her well; I know not, there is something
Makes me bestow more than a care upon her:
I mean to Women of her way; such Tokens
Rather appear as Baits, than Royal Bounties:
I wou'd not have it so. *Bur.* You will not find it,
Upon my Troth I think his most Ambition
Is but to let the World know ha's a handsome Mistress.
Will your Grace command me any Service to him?

Olym. Remember all my Duty. *Bur.* Blessings crown ye:
What's your will, Lady? *Alin.* Any thing that's honest;
And if you think it fit, so poor a Service,
Clad in a ragged Virtue, may reach him,
I do beseech your Lordship speak it humbly.

Bur. Fair one I will: In the best Phrase I have too,
And so I kiss your Hand.

Alin. Your Lordship's Servant.

[Exit.

(Ring?

Olym. Come hither Wench, what art thou doing with that

Alin. I am looking on the Posie, Madam. *Olym.* What is't?

Alin. The Jewel's set within.

Olym. But where's the Joy, Wench,
When that invisible Jewel's lost? Why dost thou smile so?
What unhappy Meaning hast thou? *Alin.* Nothing, Madam,
But only thinking what strange spells these Rings have,
And how they work with some. *Pet.* I fear with you too.

Alin. This cou'd not cost above a Crown. *Pet.* 'I will cost you
The shaving of your Crown, if not the washing.

Olym. But he that sent it, makes the Virtue greater.

Alin. Ay, and the Vice too, Madam. Goodness bless me:
How fit 'tis for my Finger! 2 *Wom* No doubt you'll find too
A Finger fit for you. *Alin.* Sirrah, *Petresca*,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou hast Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh ho, what must I do now?

Pet. You'll be taught that,
The easiest part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you.

Alin.

Alin. Ay me, ay me. *Pet.* You will divide too, shortly,
Your Voice comes finely forward. *Olym.* Come hither, Wan-
Thou art not surely as thou say'st. *Alin.* I wou'd not: (ton,
But sure there is a Witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my Heart leaps! *Pet.* 'Twill go pit a pat shortly.

Alin. And now methinks a thousand of the Duke's Shapes.

2 Wom. Will no less serve ye? *Alin.* In ten thousand Smiles.

Olym. Heav'n bless the Wench.

Alin. With Eyes that will not be deny'd to enter;
And such soft sweet Embraces; take it from me,
I am undone else, Madam: I'm lost else.

Olym. What ails the Girl? *Alin.* How suddenly I'm alter'd!
And grown my self again! do not you feel it?

Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this:
I'll try the Strength on't.

Alin. How cold my Blood grows now!
Here's sacred Virtue.

When I leave to honour this,
Every hour to pay a Kiss,
When each Morning I arise,
Or I forget a Sacrifice:

When this Figure in my Faith,
And the pureness that it hath,
I pursue not with my Will,
Nearer to arrive at still:

When I lose, or change this Jewel,
Fly me Faith, and Heav'n be cruel.

Olym. You have half confirm'd me,
Keep but that way sure,
And what this Charm can do, let me endure.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora, and Viola.

Arch. Carry your self discreetly, it concerns me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward Passions,
Nor no distasts to any. *Prithee Theodore,*
By my Life, Boy, 'twill ruin me. *The.* I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul Play he brings along with him.

Arch. What's, that to you? Let him bring what please him,
And whom, and how. *The.* So they mean well — —

Arch. Is't fit you be a Judge, Sirrah? *The.* 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.

Arch. Get a Banquet ready,
And trim your self up handsomely. *The.* To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em Whores? Hang up a Sign then,
And

And set 'em out to Livery. *Arch.* Whose Son art thou?

The. Yours, Sir, I hope! But not of your Disgraces.

Arch. Full twenty thousand Men I have commanded,
And all their Minds, with this calm'd all their Angers;
And shall a Boy, of mine own Breed too, of mine own Blood,
One crooked stick—— *The.* Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'll quit your House; if Taint or black Dishonour
Light on ye, 'tis your own, I have no share in't.
Yet if it do fall out so, as I fear it,

And partly find it too—— *Arch.* Hast thou no Reverence?
No Duty in thee? *The.* This shall shew I obey ye:

I dare not stay: I would have shew'd ye my Love too,

And that you ask as Duty, with my Life, Sir,

Had you but thought me worthy of your Hazards,

Which Heav'n preserve ye from, and keep the Duke too:

And there's an end of my wishes, God be with ye.

[*Exit.*

Arch. Stubborn, yet full of, that we all love, Honesty.

Enter Burris.

Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke? *Bur.* In the great Chamber, Sir,
And there stays till he see you. Ye have a fine House here.

Arch. A poor contented Lodge, unfit for his Presence,
Yet all the joy it hath.

Bur. I hope a great one; and for your good, brave Sir.

Arch. I thank ye, Lord:

And now my Service to the Duke.

Bur. I'll wait on ye.

[*Exeu*

Enter Duke, Boroskie, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited? *Bor.* Disgrace me else,
And never more with Favour look upon me.

Duke. It seems impossible. *Bor.* It cannot chuse, Sir,
'Till your own Eyes behold it; but that it is so,
And that by this means the too haughty Soldier
Has been so cram'd and fed, he cares not for ye;
Believe, or let me perish: Let your Eyes
As you observe the House, but where I point it,
Make stay, and take a view, and then you have found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, and Servant.

Duke. I'll follow your Direction. We come *Archas*,
You are welcome home, brave Lord, we are come to visit ye,
And thank ye for your Service. *Arch.* 'Twas so poor, Sir,
In true respect of what I owe your Highness,
It merits nothing.

Duke. Are these fair ones yours, Lord?

Arch. Their Mother made me think so, Sir.

Duke. Stand up Ladies.

Reshew my Heart they are fair ones; methinks fitter

The

The Lustre of the Court, than thus live darken'd.
 I wou'd see your House, Lord *Archas*, it appears to me
 A handsome Pile. *Arch.* 'Tis neat, but no great Structure;
 I'll be your Grace's Guide, give me the Keys there.
Duke. Lead on, we'll follow ye: Begin with the Gallery,
 I think that's one. *Arch.* 'Tis so, and't please ye, Sir,
 The rest above are Lodgings all. *Duke.* Go on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, and Ancient.

Putf. The Duke gone thither, do you say?
The. Yes marry do I,
 And all the Ducklings too; but what they'll do there——
Putf. I hope they'll crown his Service. *The.* With a Custard;
 This is no Weather for Rewards: They crown his Service?
 Rather they go to shave his Crown: I was rated
 As if I had been a Dog had worried Sheep, out of Doors,
 For making but a Doubt. *Putf.* They must now grace him:
The. Mark but the end.
Anc. I am sure they shou'd Reward him, they cannot want him.
The. They that want Honesty, want any thing.
Putf. The Duke is so noble in his own thoughts.
The. That I grant ye,
 If those might only sway him: But 'tis most certain,
 So many new born Flies his light gave life to,
 Buzz in his Beams, Flesh-flies, and Butterflies,
 Hornets, and humming Scarabs, that not one honey Bee
 That's loaden with true Labour, and brings home
 Encrease and Credit, can scape rifling,
 And what she sucks for sweet, they turn to bitterness.
Anc. Shall we go see what they do, and talk our mind to 'em?
Putf. That we have done too much, and to no purpose.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
 I have a great mind to be hang'd now
 For doing some brave thing for him; a worse end will take me;
 And for an action of no worth; not honour him?
 Upon my Conscience, ev'n the Devil, the very Devil
 (Not to bely him) thinks him an honest Man;
 I am sure he has sent him Souls any time these twenty years,
 Able to furnish all his Fish-Markets. *The.* Leave thy talking,
 And come, let's go to Dinner and drink to him;
 We shall hear more e'er Supper time. If he be honour'd,
 He has deserv'd it well, and we shall fight for't.
 If he be ruin'd, so, we know the worst then,
 And for my self, I'll meet it.
Putf. I ne'er fear it.

[*Exeunt.*]
 SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroskie, Burris, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. They are handsome Rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of convenience, the Prospect's excellent. (mour-

Arch. Now will your Grace pass down, and do me but the ho-
To taste a Country Banquet? *Duke.* What Room's that?
I would see all now; what Conveyance has it?

I see you have kept the best part yet; pray open it.

Arch. Ha! I misdoubted this: 'Tis of no receipt, Sir,
For your Eyes most unfit—— *Duke.* I long to see it, (ting,
Because I would judge of the whole piece: Some excellent Pain-
Or some rare Spoils you would keep to entertain me
Another time, I know. *Arch.* In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your sight; below I have
Some Fountains, and some Ponds. *Duke.* I would see this now.

Arch. Boroskie, thou art a Knave. It contains nothing
But Rubbish from the other Rooms and Unnecessaries:
Will't please you see a strange Clock? *Duke.* This or nothing:
Why should you bar it up thus with Defences
Above the rest, unless it contain'd something
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will see it. *Arch.* The Keys are lost, Sir:
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be so unmannerly?

Duke. I will see it, and either shew it——

Arch. Good Sir——

Duke. Thank ye, *Archas*, you shew your Love abundantly,
Do I use to intreat thus? Force it open.

Bur. That were unhospitable; you are his Guest, Sir,
And with his greatest Joy to entertain ye.

Duke. Hold thy Peace, Fool; will ye open it?

Arch. Sir, I cannot. I must not, if I could.

Duke. Go, break it open.

Arch. I must withstand that force. Be not too rash, Gentlemen.

Duke. Unarm him first, then if he be not obstinate
Preserve his Life. *Arch.* I thank your Grace, I take it;

And now take you the Keys, go in and see, Sir;

There feed your Eyes with wonder, and thank that Traitor,
That thing that sells his Faith for Favour. [Exit Duke.]

Bur. Sir, what moves ye?

Arch. I have kept mine pure. Lord *Burris*, there's a *Judas*,
That for a Smile will sell ye all. A Gentleman?
The Devil has more Truth, and has maintain'd it;
A Whore's Heart more belief in't.

Enter

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, *Archbas*?

I cannot blame you to conceal it so,

This most inestimable Treasure. *Arch.* Yours, Sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the Soldier slights me.

Arch. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that Pick-thank,
The lost Man in his Faith, he has reveal'd it,
To suck a little Honey from ye has betray'd it.

I swear he smiles upon me, and forsworn too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord. I'll tell ye all, Sir:
Your Sire, before his Death, knowing your Temper
To be as bounteous as the Air, and open,

As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,

Your great Mind fit for War and Glory, thriftily

Like a great Husband to preserve your Actions,

Collected all this Treasure, to our Trusts,

To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd Lord's there,

He gave the Knowledge and the Charge of all this,

Upon his Death-bed too: And on the Sacrament

He swore us thus, never to let this Treasure

Part from our secret keepings, 'till no hope

Of Subject could relieve ye, all your own wasted,

No help of those that lov'd ye cou'd supply ye,

And then some great Exploit afoot: My Honesty

I wou'd have kept 'till I had made this useful;

I shew'd it, and I stood it to the Tempest,

And useful to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,

And so are you too, if you spend this vainly;

This Worm that crept into ye has abus'd ye,

Abus'd your Father's care, abus'd his Faith too:

Nor can this mass of Mony make him Man more,

A flea'd Dog has more Soul, an Ape more Honesty;

All mine ye have amongst it, farewell that,

I cannot part with't nobler; my Heart's clear,

My Conscience smooth as that, no rub upon't.

But O thy Hell! *Bor.* I seek no Heav'n from you, Sir.

Arch. Thy gnawing Hell, *Boroskie*, it will find thee.

Wou'd ye heap Coals upon his Head has wrong'd ye,

Has ruin'd your Estate? Give him this Mony,

Melt it into his Mouth. *Duke.* What little Trunk's that?

That there o'th' top, that's lockt?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir, richer I think than all.

Arch. You were not covetous,

Nor wont to weave your Thoughts with such a courseness;

Pray rack not Honesty.

Bor. Be sure you see it. *Duke.* Bring out the Trunk.

E

Enter

Enter with the Trunk.

Arch. You'll find that Treasure too, all I have left me now:

Duke. What's this, a poor Gown?

And this a piece of *Seneca*? *Arch.* Yes sure, Sir,
More worth than all your Gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious;
This sells no Friends, nor searches into Counsels,
And yet all Counsel, and all Friends live here, Sir;
Betrays no Faith, yet handles all that's trusty:

Will't please you leave me this? *Duke.* With all my Heart, Sir.

Arch. What says your Lordship to't? *Bor.* I dare not rob ye.

Arch. Poor miserable Men, you have robb'd your selves both;
This Gown, and this unvalu'd Treasure, your brave Father
Found me a Child at School with, in his Progress.
Where such a love he took to some few answers,
Unhappy Boyish Toys hit in my Head then,
That suddenly I made him, thus as I was,
(For here was all the Wealth I brought his Highness,)
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Bestow'd his Favours on me, taught me the Arms first,
With those an honest Mind; I serv'd him truly,
And where he gave me trust, I think I fail'd not;
Let the World speak: I humbly thank your Highness,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine Age, Sir,
And to this care a fair *Quietus* giv'n. Now to my Book again!

Duke. You have your wish, Sir,
Let some bring off the Treasure. *Bor.* Some is his, Sir.

Arch. None, none, a poor unworthy Reaper,
The Harvest is his Grace's. *Duke.* Thank you, *Archbas.*

Arch. But will not you repent, Lord? when this is gone,
Where will your Lordship——

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Arch. Does your Grace like my House?

Duke. Wondrous well, *Archbas,*

You have made me richly welcome. *Arch.* I did my best, Sir.
Is there any thing else may please your Grace?

Duke. Your Daughters I had forgot, send them to Court.

Arch. How's that, Sir?

Duke. I said your Daughters, see it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my Sister, *Archbas.* *Arch.* Thank your Highness.

Duke. And suddenly.

Arch. Through all the ways I dare
I'll serve your Temper, though you try me far.

[Exit.

[Exit.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, Putskey, Ancient, and Servant:

The. I Wonder we hear no News.

Putf. Here's your Father's Servant,
He comes in haste too, now we shall know all, Sir.

The. How now?

Ser. I am glad I have met you, Sir; your Father
Intreats you presently make haste unto him.

The. What News?

Ser. None of the best, Sir, I am asham'd to tell it,
Pray ask no more. *The.* Did I not tell ye, Gentlemen?
Did not I Prophecy? He's undone then.

Ser. Not so, Sir, but as near it—

Putf. There's no help now;
The Army's scatter'd all, through Discontent,
Not to be rallied up in haste to help this.

Anc. Plague of the Devil; have ye watch'd your Seasons?
We shall watch you e'er long.

The. Farewel, there's no cure,
We must endure all now: I know what I'll do. [*Exe. The. and Ser.*]

Putf. Nay, there's no striving, they have a hand upon us.

A heavy and a hard one. *Anc.* Now I have it,
We have yet some Gentlemen, some Boys of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus still, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to shame these Vipers;
Shall I bless 'em?

Putf. Farewel; I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*]

Anc. Were never such rare Cries in Christendom,
As *Mosco* shall afford: We'll live by fooling
Now fighting's gone, and they shall find and feel it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Arch. No more, it must be so; do you think I wou'd send ye,
Your Father and your Friend—

Viol. Pray Sir, be good to us;

Alas, we know no Court, nor seek that Knowledge;
We are content with harmless things at home,
Children of your Content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know our selves, to seek a Wisdom
From that we understand, easie and honest;
To make our Actions worthy of your Honour,
Th'ir ends as innocent as we begot 'em;

What 'shall we look for, Sir, what shall we learn there,
 That this more private Sweetness cannot teach us?
 Virtue was never built upon Ambition,
 Nor the Souls Beauties bred out of Bravery:
 What a terrible Father wou'd you seem to us,
 Now you have moulded us, and wrought our Tempers
 To easie and odedient Ways, uncrooked,
 Where the fair Mind can never lose nor loiter,
 Now to divert our Natures, now to stem us
 Roughly against the tide of all this Treasure?
 Wou'd ye have us proud? 'Tis sooner bred than buried;
 Wickedly proud? For such things dwell at Court, Sir.

Hon. Wou'd ye have your Children learn to forget their Father?
 And when he dies dance on his Monument?
 Shall we seek Virtue in a Satin Gown;
 Embroider'd Virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd Feather?
 And set our Credits to the tune of Green-sleeves?
 This may be done; and if you like, it shall be.
 You shou'd have sent us thither when we were younger,
 Our Maiden-heads at a higher rate; our Innocence
 Able to make Mart indeed: We are now too old, Sir,
 Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and slight us;
 Besides, we are altogether unprovided,
 Unfurnisht utterly of the Rules should guide us:
 This Lord comes, licks his Hand, and protests to me;
 Compares my Beauty to a thousand fine things;
 Mountains, and Fountains, Trees, and Stars, and Goblins;
 Now have not I the Faith for to believe him;
 He offers me the honourable Courtesie,
 To lye with me all Night; what a misery is this?
 I am bred up so foolishly, alas, I dare not,
 And how madly these things will shew there.

Arch. I send ye not,
 Like parts infected, to draw more Corruption;
 Like Spiders to grow great, with growing Evil:
 With your own Virtues season'd, and my Prayers,
 The Card of Goodness in your Minds, that shows ye
 When ye sail false; the Needle toucht with Honour,
 That through the blackest Storms still points at Happiness;
 Your Bodies the tall Barks, rib'd round with Goodness,
 Your Heav'nly Souls the Pilots thus I send you;
 Thus I prepare your Voyage; sound before ye,
 And ever as you sail through this World's Vanity,
 Discover Sholes, Rocks, Quicksands, cry out to ye,
 Like a good Master, Tack about for Honour.
 The Court is Virtue's School, at least it should be;

Nearer

Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the Metal's purer:
Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
Those Branches that flow from him must run muddy;
Say you find some Sins there, and those no small ones,
And they like lazy Fits begin to shake ye:
Say they affect your Strengths, my happy Children;
Great things through greatest hazards are achiev'd still,
And then they shine, then Goodness has his Glory,
His Crown fast rivetted; then time moves under,
Where, through the midst of Errors, like the Sun,
Through thick and pitchy Clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you Sir, you have made me half a Soldier,
I will to Court most willingly, most fondly.
And if there be such stirring things amongst 'em,
Such Travellers into *Virginia*
As Fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a close Ward, and a sure one;
An honest Mind I hope, 'tis Petticoat proof,
Chain-proof, and Jewel-proof; I know 'tis Gold-proof,
A Coach and four Horses cannot draw me from it:
As for your handsome Faces, and filed Tongues,
Curl'd Millers Heads, I have another word for them,
And yet I'll flatter too, as fast as they do,
And lye, but not as Lewdly. Come, be valiant, Sister,
She that dares not stand the push o'th' Court dares nothing,
And yet come off ungrac'd: Sir, like you,
We both affect great dangers now, and the World shall see
All Glory lies not in Man's Victory.

Arch. Mine own *Honora*. *Vio.* I am very fearful,
Wou'd I were stronger built. You would have me honest?

Arch. Or not at all my *Viola*. *Vio.* I'll think on't,
For 'tis no easie Promise, and live there.
Do you think we shall do well?

Hon. Why, what shou'd ail us?

Vio. Certain they'll tempt us strongly; besides the glory
Which Women may affect, they are handsome Gentlemen,
Every part speaks: Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from every look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our Pray'rs, and Promises.

Hon. Let 'em feed so, and be fat; there is no fear, Wench,
If thou be'st fast to thy self. *Vio.* I hope I shall be;—
And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou shalt not want it.

The. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a Man an Angel?
I hear you let out Mony. *Arch.* Very well, Sir,
You are pleasantly dispos'd: I am glad to see it.

Can you lend me your Patience, and be rul'd by me?

The. Is't come to Patience now? *Arch.* Is't not a Virtue?

The. I know not: I ne'er found it so. *Arch.* That's because Thy Anger ever knows, and not thy Judgement.

The. I know you have been rish'd. *Arch.* Nothing less, Boy; Lord, what opinions these vain People publish!

Rish'd of what? *The.* Study your Virtue, Patience, It may get Mustard to your Meat. Why in such haste, Sir,

Sent ye for me? *Arch.* For this end only, *Theodore,*

To wait upon your Sisters to the Court;

I am commanded they live there. *The.* To th' Court, Sir?

Arch. To th' Court, I say. *The.* And must I wait upon 'em?

Arch. Yes 'tis most fit you shou'd, you are their Brother.

The. Is this the business? I had thought your Mind, Sir,

Had been set forward on some noble Action,

Something had truly stir'd ye. To th' Court with these?

Why, they are your Daughters, Sir. *Arch.* All this I know, Sir.

The. The good old Woman on a Bed he threw:

To th' Court? *Arch.* Thou art mad.

The. Nor Drunk as you are:

Drunk with your Duty, Sir: Do you call it Duty?

A pox of Duty, what can these do there?

What should they do? Can ye look Babies, Sisters,

In the young Gallants Eyes, and twirl their Band-strings?

Can ye ride out to air your selves? Pray Sir,

Be serious with me, do you speak this truly?

Arch. Why, didst thou never hear of Women

Yet at Court, Boy?

The. Yes, and Women too, very good Women,

Excellent honest Women: But are ye sure, Sir,

That these will prove so?

Hon. There's the Danger, Brother.

The. God-a-mercy Wench, thou hast a grudging of it.

Arch. Now be you serious, Sir, and observe what I say, Do it, and do it handsomely; go with 'em.

The. With all my Heart, Sir; I am in no fault now;

If they be thought Whores for being in my Company,

Pray write upon their Backs, they are my Sisters,

And where I shall deliver 'em.

Arch. Ye are wondrous jocund,

But prithee tell me, art thou so lewd a Fellow?

I never knew thee fail a Truth. *The.* I am a Soldier,

And spell you what that means. *Arch.* A Soldier?

What dost thou make of me? *The.* Your Palat's down, Sir.

Arch. I thank ye, Sir. *The.* Come, shall we to this matter?

You will to Court? *Hon.* If you will please to honour us.

The.

The. I'll honour ye, I warrant ye; I'll set ye off
With such a lustre, Wenches. Alas poor *Viola*,
Thou art a Fool, thou criest for eating white Bread:
Be a good Helpwife of thy Tears, and save 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to shed 'em, Sister.
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come worthy Sisters, since it must be so,
And since he thinks it fit to try your Virtues,
Be you as strong to Truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old Gentleman shall have joy of ye. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. *Burris* take you ten thousand of those Crowns;
And those two Chains of Pearl they hold the richest,
I give 'em ye. *Bur.* I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great Example work in me
That noble Charity to Men more worthy,
And of more wants. *Duke.* You bear a good Mind, *Burris*;
Take twenty thousand now: Be not so modest,
It shall be so, I give 'em: Go, there's my Ring for't.
Bur. Heaven bless your Highness ever. [Exit.

Duke. You are honest.

Enter Alinda, and Putskie at the Door.

Put. They're coming now to the Court, as fair as Virtue:
Two brighter Stars ne'r rose here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can do; the Duke—

Put. I am gone; remember. [Exit.

Alin. I am counsell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty Mistress, whither lies your business?
How kindly I shou'd take this, were it to me now?

Alin. I must confess immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no address, I do believe ye,
I wou'd ye had. *Alin.* 'Twere too much boldness, Sir,
Upon so little Knowledge, less deserving.

Duke. You'll make a perfect Courtier. *Alin.* A very poor one.

Duke. A very fair one, Sweet; come hither to me.
What killing Eyes this Wench has? In his Glory
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* Star reigns,
Shines half so fiery.

Alin. Why does your Grace so view me?
Nothing but common handsomeness dwells here, Sir,
Scarce that: Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanness.

Duke.

Duke. Thou shalt not go: I do not lie unto thee,
In my Eye thou appear'st— *Alin.* Dim not the sight, Sir,

I am too dull an Object. *Duke.* Canst thou love me?

Canst thou love him will honour thee? *Alin.* I can love,

And love as you do too: But 'twill not shew well,

Or if it do shew here where all Light lustres,

Tinsel affections make a glorious glist'ring,

'Twilt halt i' th' handsom way. *Duke.* Are ye so cunning?

Dost think I love not truly? *Alin.* No, ye cannot,

You never travell'd that way yet: Pray pardon me,

I prate so boldly to you. *Duke.* There's no harm done:

But what's your reason, Sweet? *Alin.* I wou'd tell your Grace,

But happily— *Duke.* It shall be pleasing to me.

Alin. I shou'd love you again, and then you wou'd hate me.

With all my service I shou'd follow ye,

And through all dangers. *Duke.* This wou'd more provoke me,

More make me see thy Worths,

More make me meet 'em.

Alin. You shou'd do so, if ye did well and truly:

But though ye be a Prince, and have pow'r in ye,

Pow'r of Example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.

Duke. Give me Example where? *Alin.* You had a Mistress,

Oh Heav'n, so bright, so brave a Dame, so lovely,

In all her Life so true! *Duke.* A Mistress?

Alin. That serv'd you with that Constancy, that Care,

That lov'd your Will, and woo'd it too.

Duke. What Mistress?

Alin. That nurs'd your Honour up, held fast your Virtue,

And when she kist increas'd your Goodness.

Duke. And I neglected her?

Alin. Lost her, forsook her, wantonly flung her off.

Duke. What was her Name?

Alin. Her Name as lovely as her self, as noble,

And in it all that's excellent. *Duke.* What was it?

Alin. Her Name was *Beau-desert*: Do you know her now, Sir?

Duke. *Beau-desert*? I do not remember—

Alin. I know you do not,

Yet she has a plainer Name; Lord *Archbas* service;

Do you yet remember her? There was a Mistress

Fairer than Woman, far fonder to you, Sir,

Than Mothers to their first-born Joys: Can you Love?

Dare you profess that truth to me a Stranger,

A thing of no regard, no Name, no Lustre,

When your most noble Love you have neglected,

A Beauty all the World wou'd woo and honour?

Wou'd you have me credit this? Think you can love me,

And

And hold ye constant, when I have read this Story?
Is't possible you should ever favour me,
To a slight Pleasure prove a Friend, and fast too,
When, where you were most ty'd, most bound to benefit,
Bound by the Chains of Honesty and Honour,
You have broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my Fears: I beseech your Grace
Tempt me no further. *Duke.* Who taught you this Lesson?

Alin. Woful Experience, Sir: If you seek a fair one,
Worthy your Love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two Daughters of his ruin'd Virtue now
Arrive at Court, excellent fair indeed, Sir,
But this will be the Plague on't, they're excellent honest.

Enter Olympia and Petesca privately.

Duke. I love thy Face. *Alin.* Upon my Life ye cannot
I do not love it my self, Sir, 'tis a lewd one,
So truly ill Art cannot mend it; but if 'twere handsome,
At least if I thought so, you shou'd hear me talk, Sir,
In a new strain; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye Petition to me too, and wait my Answers;
Yet o' my Conscience I shou'd pity ye,
After some ten years Siege. *Duke.* Prethee do now.

Alin. What wou'd ye do? *Duke.* Why I wou'd lye with ye.

Alin. I do not think ye wou'd. *Duke.* Introth I wou'd Wench.
Here, take this Jewel. *Alin.* Out upon't, that's scurvy.
Nay, if we do, sure we'll do for good Fellowship,
For pure Love, or nothing: Thus you shall be sure, Sir,
You shall not pay too dear for't. *Duke.* Sure I cannot.

Alin. By'r Lady but ye may: When ye have found me able
To do your work well, ye may pay my Wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace start back?

Olym. I ha' seen that shakes me:
Chills all my Blood: O where is Faith or Goodness?

Alinda thou art false, false, false thou fair one,
Wickedness false; and, wo is me, I see it.

For ever false. *Pet.* I am glad't has taken thus right. [*Exeunt.*]

Alin. I'll go ask my Lady, Sir. *Duke.* What?

Alin. Whether I shall lye with ye, or no: If I find her willing---
For look ye Sir, I have sworn, while I am in her service---
(Twas a rash Oath I must confess.) *Duke.* Thou mock'st me.

Alin. Why, wou'd ye lye with me, if I were willing?
Wou'd you abuse my weakness? *Duke.* I would piece it,
And make it stronger. *Alin.* I humbly thank your Highness.
When you piece me, you must piece me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an Inch of an Apes Tail will restore it.

I love ye, and I Honour ye, but this way
 I'll neither love nor serve ye.
 Heav'n change your Mind, Sir. [Exit.
Duke. And thine too:
 For it must be chang'd, it shall be. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly Gentlewomen. *Bur.* They are,
 Wondrous sweet Women both.

The. Does your Lordship like 'em?
 They are my Sisters, Sir; good lusty Lasses,
 They'll do their Labour well, I warrant ye,
 You'll find no Bed-straw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank ye, Brother.

The. This is not so strongly built: But she is good mettle,
 Of a good stirring strain-too: She goes tith, Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, Gentlemen, must make ye merry,
 The toys you wot of. Do you like their Complexions?
 They be no Moors: What think ye of this Hand, Gentlemen?
 Here's a white Altar for your Sacrifice?
 A thousand Kisses here. Nay, keep off yet, Gentlemen;
 Let's start first, and have fair play: What wou'd ye give now
 To turn the Globe up, and find the rich *Moluccas*?
 To pass the Straits? Here (do ye itch) by *St. Nicholas*
 Here's that will make ye scratch and claw,
 Claw, my fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers sorts:
 Pray ye let me request ye, to forget
 To say your Prayers, whilst these are Courtiers;
 Or if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be no higher
 Than their Eyes.

Bor. How will ye have 'em bestow'd Sir!

The. Ev'n how your Lordship please,
 So you do not bake 'em. *Bor.* Bake 'em?

The. They are too high a Meat that way, they run to gelly.
 But if you'll have 'em for your own Diet, take my Counsel,
 Stew 'em between two Feather-Beds. *Bur.* Please you, Colonel,
 To let 'em wait upon the Princess? *The.* Yes, Sir,
 And thank your Honour too: But then happily,
 These noble Gentlemen shall have no access to 'em;
 And to have 'em buy new Cloaths, study new Faces,
 And keep a stinking stir with themselves for nothing,
 'Twill not be well i' faith: They have kept their Bodies,
 And been at charge for Baths: Do you see that Shirt there?

Weigh

Weigh but the moral meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight these Gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholesome,
Wholesome, and young, my Lord, and two such Blessings:
They will not light upon again in ten Years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her. *The.* They are fit for any thing:
They'll wait upon a Man, they are not Bashful,
Carry his Cloak, or untie his Points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiar'st Fools —
This Wench will leap over Stools too, and sound a Trumpet,
Wrastle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your Brother,
And have much cause to thank him:
I'll ease ye of this Charge, and to the Princess,
So please you, I'll attend 'em:

The. Thank your Lordship.
If there be e'er a private Corner as ye go, Sir,
A foolish Lobby out o' th' way, make Danger,
Try what they are, try — — —

Bor. Ye are a merry Gentleman.

The. I wou'd fain be your Honour's Kinsman.

Bor. Ye are too curst, Sir.

The. Farewel Wenches, keep close your Ports, y' are washt else.

Hon. Brother, bestow your Fears where they are needful.

[*Exe. Boros. Hon. Vio.*

The. Honor thy Name is, and I hope thy Nature.
Go after Gentlemen, go, get a snatch if you can,
Yond' old *Erra Pater* will never please 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but see the luck on't,
I swear I meant as honestly toward ye — — —
Nay do not cry, good Gentlemen: A little Counsel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i'th Evenings,
Ye may surprize 'em easily, they wear no Pistols,
Set down your Minds in Metre, flowing Metre,
And get some good old Linnen-Woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't: You cannot fail:
Farewel Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Gent.*

Bur. You have frightened off these Flesh-flies.

The. Flesh-flies indeed, my Lord.

Enter Servant.

And it must be very stinking Flesh they will not seize on.

Ser. Your Lordship bid me bring this Casket.

Bur. Yes: Good Colonel,
Commend me to your worthy Father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my Love, and Service to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty Token,
And where I may be his — — — *The.* Ye are too Noble;

The Loyal Subject.

A Wonder here my Lord, that dare be honest,
 When all Men hold it vitious: I shall deliver it,
 And with it your most noble Love. Your Servant. [Ex. Bur.
 Were there but two more such at Court, 'twere Sainted;
 This will buy Brawn this Christmas yet, and Muscadine. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter Ancient, crying Brooms, and after him severally, four Soldiers,
 crying other Things. Boroskie and Gentlemen over the Stage, ob-
 serving them.

I. SONG.

Anc. Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom,
 Come buy my Birchen Broom,
 I th' Wars we have no more room,
 Buy all my bonny Broom.
 For a Kiss take two;
 If those will not do,
 For a little, little Pleasure,
 Take all my whole Treasure:
 If all these will not do't,
 Take the Broom-man to boot.
 Broom, Broom, the bonny Broom.

II. SONG.

1 Sol. The Wars are done and gine,
 And Soldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
 Come Maidens, come along,
 For I can show you handsome, handsome Ware;
 Powders for, for the Head,
 And drinks for your Bed,
 To make ye Blithe and Bonny.
 As well in the Night we Soldiers can fight,
 And please a young Wench as any.
 2 Sol. I have fine Potato's,
 Ripe Potato's.

III. SONG.

3 Sol. Will ye buy any Honesty, come away,
 I sell it openly by Day,
 I bring no forced Light, nor no Candle.
 To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
 This will shew the great Man good,
 The Tradesman where he swears and lyes.

Each

*Each Lady of a noble Blood,
The City Dame to rule her Eyes:
Ye are rich Men now: come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honest Men.*

IV. S O N G.

4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt Maiden-heads, to new Leach or Mend?
Have ye any old Maiden-heads, to sell or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a Pin,
Shall make 'em as good Maids again,
As ever they have been.*

Bor. What means all this, why do y' sell Brooms *Ancient*?
Is it in wantonness, or want? *Anc.* The only Reason is,
To sweep your Lordship's Conscience: Here's one for the nonce.
Gape Sir, you have swallow'd many a goodlier Matter——
The only casting for a crazie Conscience:

3 Sol. Will your Lordship buy any Honesty? 'twill be worth your
Bor. How is this? (Mony.

3 Sol. Honesty my Lord; 'tis here in a quill.
Anc. Take heed you open is not, for 'tis so subtle,
The least puff of Wind will blow it out o'th' Kingdom.

2 Sol. Will your Lordship please to taste a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd State.

Anc. Fill your Honour full of noble Itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordship's Breeches.

1 Sol. *If your Daughters on their Beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their Maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with too much Tumbling,
They chance to cry, fie, fo, what Fumbling;
If her Foot slip, and down fall she,
And break her Leg above the Knee,
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they shall be arrant Maids again.*

Bor. Ye are brave Soldiers; keep your wantonness,
A Winter will come on to shake this wilfulness.

Disport your selves, and when you want your Mony——[Exit..

Anc. Broom, Broom, &c.

[Exeunt singing.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.

Alin. You must not be so fearful, little one,
Nor Lady you so sad, you will ne'er make Courtiers

With

With these dull sullen Thoughts; this Place is Pleasure,
 Preserv'd to that use, so inhabited;
 And those that live here, live delightful, joyful:
 These are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
 Where all Sweets to their free and noble uses,
 Grow ever young and courted. *Hon.* Bless me Heav'n,
 Can things of her Years arrive at these Rudiments?
 By your leave fair Gentlewoman, how long have you been here?

Alin. Faith much about a Week.

Hon. You have studied hard,
 And by my Faith arriv'd at a great Knowledge.

Vio. Were not you bashful at first?

Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two:
 But when I saw People laugh'd at me for it,
 And thought it a dull Breeding—

Hon. You are govern'd here then
 Much after the Mens Opinions. *Alin.* Ever, Lady.

Hon. And what they think is honourable—

Alin. Most precisely.

We follow with all Faith.

Hon. A goodly Catechism.

Vio. But bashful for an Hour or two?

Alin. Faith to say true,

I do not think I was so long: For look ye,
 'Tis to no end here, put on what shape ye will,
 And sour your self with ne'er so much Austerity,
 You shall be courted in the same, and won too,
 'Tis but some two hours more; and so much time lost,
 Which we hold precious here: In so much time now
 As I have told you this, you may lose a Servant,
 Your Age, nor all your Art, can e'er recover:
 Catch me Occasion as she comes, hold fast there,
 Till what you do affect is ripen'd to ye.

Has the Duke seen ye yet? *Hon.* What if he have not?

Alin. Yo do your Beauties too much wrong, appearing
 So full of Sweetness, Newness; set so richly,
 As if a Counsel beyond Nature fram'd ye.

Hon. If we were thus, say Heav'n had giv'n these Blessings,
 Must we turn these to sin Oblations?

Alin. How foolishly this Country way shews in ye?
 How full of flegm? Do you come here to pray, Ladies?
 You had best cry, Stand away, let me alone Gentlemen,
 I'll tell my Father else. *Vio.* This Woman's naught sure,
 A very naughty Woman. *Hon.* Come, say on Friend,
 I'll be instructed by ye. *Alin.* You'll thank me for't.

Hon. Either I or the Devil shall: The Duke you were speaking of.

Alin.

Alin. 'Tis well remembred: Yes let him first see you,
Appear not openly till he has view'd ye.

Hon. He's a very noble Prince, they say.

Alin. O wondrous Gracious;
And as you may deliver your self at the first Viewing.

For look ye, you must bear your self; but take heed

It be so season'd with a sweet Humility,

And grac'd with such a Bounty in your Beauty ———

Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill? *Alin.* No, no:
'Tis like he will kiss ye, and play with ye.

Hon. Play with me, how?

Alin. Why, good Lord, that you are such a Fool now!
No harm assure your self. *Vio.* Will he play with me too?

Alin. Look Babies in your Eyes, my pretty sweet one:
There's a fine sport: Do you know your Lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none. *Alin.* I do then, they are handsome,
Convenient for Access. *Vio.* Access?

Alin. Yes, little one,
For Visitation of those Friends and Servants,

Your Beauties shall make choice of: Friends and Visits:

Do not you know those uses? Alas poor Novice?

There's a close Couch or two, handsomely plac'd too.

Vio. What are those for, I pray you? (to lie upon,

Alin. Who would be troubled with such raw things? They are
And your Love by ye, and discourse, and toy in.

Vio. Alas I have no Love. *Alin.* You must by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not. *Vio.* Honestly keep me:

What shall I do with all those? *Alin.* You'll find uses:

Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you must learn too,

To lye handsomely in your Bed a Mornings, neatly drest

In a most curious Wastcoat, to set ye off well,

Play with your Bracelets, sing: You must learn to rhyme too,

And riddle neatly; study the hardest Language,

And 'tis no matter whether it be sense, or no,

So it go seemly off. Be sure ye profit

In kissing, kissing sweetly: There lies a main Point,

A Key that opens to all practick Pleasure;

I'll help ye to a Friend of mine shall teach ye,

And suddenly: Your Country way is fulsome.

Hon. Have ye Schools for all these Mysteries? *Alin.* O yes,
And several hours prefix'd to study in:

Ye may have Kalenders to know the good hour,

And when to take a Jewel: For the ill too,

When to refuse, with Observations on 'em;

Under what Sign 'tis best meeting in an Arbor,

And in what Bow'r, and hour it works; a thousand,

When

When in a Coach, when in a private Lodging,
 With all their Virtues. *Hon.* Have ye studied these?
 How beastly they become your Youth? how bawdily?
 A Woman of your Tenderness, a Teacher,
 Teacher of these lewd Arts? of your full Beauty?
 A Man made up in Lust wou'd loath this in ye:
 The rankest Leacher, hate such Impudence.
 They say the Devil can assume Heav'n's Brightness,
 And so appear to tempt us: Sure thou art no Woman.

Alin. I Joy to find ye thus. *Hon.* Thou hast no tenderness,
 No reluctance in thy Heart: 'Tis mischief.

Alin. All's one for that; read these and then be satisfied,
 A few more private Rules I have gather'd for ye,
 Read 'em, and well observe 'em: so I leave ye. [Exit.]

Vio. A wondrous wicked Woman: Shame go with thee.

Hon. What new Pandora's Box is this? I'll see it,
 Though presently I tear it. Read thine, *Viola*,
 'Tis in our own Wills to believe and follow.

*Worthy Honora, as you have begun
 In Virtue's spotless School, so forward run:
 Pursue that Nobleness, and chaste Desire
 You ever had, burn in that holy Fire;
 And a white Martyr to fair Memory
 Give up your Name, unsoil'd of Infamy.*

How's this? Read yours our Sister: this amazes me.

Vio. Fear not, thou yet unblasted Violet,
 Nor let my wanton Words a Doubt beget,
 Live in that Peace and Sweetness of thy Bud,
 Remember whose thou art, and grow still good:
 Remember what thou art, and stand a Story
 Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine own Glory.

Hon. I know not what to think. *Vio.* Sure a good Woman,
 An excellent Woman, Sister. *Hon.* It confounds me;
 Let 'em use all their Arts, if these be their Ends,
 The Court I say breeds the best Foes and Friends.
 Come let's be honest Wench, and do our best Service.

Vio. A most excellent Woman, I will love her. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Olympia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Alin. **M**Adam, the Duke has sent for the two Ladies. *(him.*
Olym. I prethee go: I know thy Thoughts 'are with

Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more.

I have found thy Heatt, Wench, do not wrong thy Mistress,
 Thy too much loving Mistress: Do not abuse her.

Alin. By your own fair Hands I understand ye not.

Olym. By thy own fair Eyes I understand thee too much,
 Too far, and built a Faith there thou hast ruin'd.
 Go, and enjoy thy Wish, thy Youth, thy Pleasure,
 Enjoy the Greatness no doubt he has promis'd,
 Enjoy the Service of all Eyes that see thee,
 The Glory thou hast aim'd at, and the Triumph:
 Only this last Love I ask, forget thy Mistress.

Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
 Poor wretched Girl, what Poyson is flung on thee?
 Excellent Virtue, from whence flows this Anger?

Olym. Go, ask my Brother, ask the Faith thou gav'st me,
 Ask all my Favours to thee, ask my Love,
 Last, thy forgetfulness of good: Then flye me,
 For we must part, *Alinda.* *Alin.* You are weary of me;
 I must confess, I was never worth your Service,
 Your bounteous Favours less; but that my Duty,
 My ready Will, and all I had to serve ye——

O Heav'n thou know'st my Honesty. *Olym.* No more:
 Take heed, Heav'n has a Justice: Take this Ring with ye,
 This doting Spell you gave me: Too well, *Alinda*,
 Thou knew'st the Virtue in't; too well I feel it:

Nay keep that too, it may sometimes remember ye,
 When you are willing to forget who gave it,

And to what virtuous end. *Alin.* Must I go from ye?
 Of all the Sorrows Sorrow has——must I part with ye?

Part with my noble Mistress? *Olym.* Or I with thee, Wench?

Alin. And part stain'd with Opinion? Farewel Lady,
 Happy and blessed Lady, Goodness keep ye.

Thus your poor Servant, full of Grief, turns from ye,
 For ever full of Grief, for ever from ye.

I have no Being now, no Friends, no Country,
 I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how.

No Life, now you are lost: Only mine Innocence,
 That little left me of my self, goes with me,

G

That's

That's all my Bread and Comfort. I confess, Madam;
The Duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his Soul into thee, won thee.

Alin. Do you think so?

Well, Time that told this Tale, will tell my Truth too,
And say ye had a faithful, honest Servant:

The business of my Life is now to pray for ye,

Pray for your virtuous Loves; Pray for your Children,

When Heav'n shall make ye happy *Olym.* How she wounds me!

Either I am undone, or she must go: Take these with ye,

Some Toys may do you Service; and this Mony;

And when ye want, I love ye not so poorly,

Not yet *Alinda*, that I wou'd see ye perish.

Prithee be good, and let me hear: Look on me,

I love these Eyes yet dearly; I have kiss'd thee,

And now I'll do't again: Farewel *Alinda*,

I am too full to speak more, and too wretched.

[*Exit.*

Alin. You have my Faith, and all the World my Fortune. [*Ex.*

SCENE II.

Enter Theodore.

The. I wou'd fain hear

What becomes of these two Wenches;

And if I can, I will do 'em good.

Enter Gentleman passing over the Stage.

Do you hear, my honest Friend?

He knows no such Name:———What a world of Business,

Which by Interpretation are mere Nothings,

These things have here? Mass now I think on't better,

I wish he be not sent for one of them

To some of these By-lodgings: Methought I saw

A kind of reference in his Face to Bawd'ry.

Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, passing over the Stage.

He has her, but 'tis none of them: Hold fast Thief:

An excellent touzing Knave. Mistress

You are to suffer your Penance some half hour hence now.

How far a fine Court Custard with Plums in it

Will prevail with one of these waiting Gentlewomen,

They are taken with these soluble things exceedingly;

This is some Yeoman o' th' Bottles now that has sent for her,

That she calls Father: Now wo to this Ale Incence:

By your leave Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well Sir; what's your pleasure with me?

The. You do not know the way to the Maids Lodgings?

Ser. Yes indeed do I Sir. *The.* But you will not tell me?

Ser.

Ser. No indeed will not I, because you doubt it. [Exit.]

Enter second Servant.

The. These are fine Gim-cricks: Hey, here comes another.
A Flagon full of Wine in's Hand, I take it.
Well met my Friend, is that Wine?

2 Ser. Yes indeed is it. The. Faith I'll Drink on't then.

2 Ser. Ye may, because ye have sworn, Sir.

The. 'Tis very good, I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.

2 Ser. I cannot help it, Sir. The. I'll drink more yet

2 Ser. 'Tis in your Hands.

The. There's your Pot, I thank ye.

Pray let me drink again.

2 Ser. Faith but ye shall not.

Now have I sworn, I take it. Fare ye well, Sir. [Exit.]

Enter Lady.

The. This is the finest place to live in I e'er enter'd.

Here comes a Gentlewoman; and alone, I'll to her.

Madam, my Lord my Master: Lady. Who's your Lord, Sir?

The. The Lord Boroskie, Lady. Lady. Pray excuse me:

Here's something for your pains: Within this hour, Sir,

One of these choice young Ladies shall attend him:

Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the Water;

'Tis private and convenient: Do my humble Service

To my honourable good Lord, I beseech ye Sir;

If it please you to visit a poor Lady——

You carry the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman.

The. I shall be bold. Lady. 'Tis a good aptness in ye:

I lie here in the Wood-yard, the blue Lodgings, Sir;

They call me merrily the Lady of the—— Sir;

A little I know what belongs to a Gentleman,

And if you please take the pains. [Exit.]

The. Dear Lady, take the pains?

Why a Horse wou'd not take the pains that thou requir'st now,

To cleave old Crab-tree. One of the choice young Ladies?

I wou'd I had let this Bawd go, she has frightened me;

I am cruelly affraid of one of my Tribe now;

But if they will do, the Devil cannot stop 'em.

Why shou'd he have a young Lady? Are Women now

O'th' Nature of Bottles, to be stop't with Corks?

O the thousand little furies that fly here now?

How now Captain?

Enter Putskie.

Putf. I come to seek you out, Sir,

And all the Town I have travell'd.

The. What's the News, Man?

Putf. That that concerns us all, and very nearly.

The Duke this Night holds a Feast at Court,
To which he bids for Guests all his old Counsellors,
And all his Favourites: Your Father's sent for.

The. Why he is neither in Council, nor in Favour.

Putf. That's it: Have an Eye now, or never, and a quick one,
An Eye that must not wink from good Intelligence:
I heard a Bird sing, they mean him no good Office.

Enter Ancient.

The. Art sure he sups here? *Putf.* Sure as 'tis Day.

The. 'Tis like then.

How now, where hast thou been, *Ancient*?

Anc. Measuring the City:

I have left my Brooms at Gate here;
By this time the Porter has stole 'em to sweep out Rascals.

The. Brooms?

Anc. I have been crying Brooms all the Town over,
And such a Mart I have made, there's no Trade near it.
O the young handsome Wenchies, how they twitter'd,
When they but saw me shake my ware, and sing too;
Come hither Master Broom-man I beseech ye:
Good Master Broom-man hither, cries another.

The. Thou art a mad Fellow.

Anc. They are all as mad as I: They all have Trades now,
And roar about the Streets like Bull-Beggars.

The. What Company of Soldiers are they?

Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thousand tall and hardy Soldiers,
If need be, Colonel. *The.* That need's come, *Ancient*,
And 'twas discreetly done. Go, draw 'em presently,
But without suspicion: This Night we shall need 'em;
Let 'em be near the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em;
And wait me for occasion: Here I'll stay still.

Putf. If it fall out, we are ready; if not, we are scatter'd:
I'll wait ye at an Inch: *The.* Do, Farewel. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Boroskie.

Duke. Are the Soldiers still so mutinous? *Bor.* More than ever;
No Law nor Justice frights 'em: All the Town over
'They play new Pranks and Gambols: No Man's Person,
Of what degree soever, free from Abuses:
And durst they do this, (let your Grace consider)
These monstrous, most offensive things, these Villanies,
If not set on, and fed? If not by one

They

They honour more than you? And more aw'd by him?

Duke. Happily their own Wants. *Bor.* I offer to supply 'em,
And every hour make tender of their Monies.

They scorn it, laugh at me that offer it:

I fear the next Device will be my Life, Sir;

And willingly I'll give it, so they stay there.

Duke. Do you think Lord *Archus* privy?

Bor. More than Thought,

I know it Sir, I know they durst not do

These violent rude things, abuse the State thus,

But that they have a hope by his Ambitions——

Duke. Go more: He's sent for? *Bor.* Yes, and will be here sure.

Duke. Let me talk further with you anon. *Bor.* I'll wait, Sir.

Duke. Did you speak to the Ladies?

Bor. They'll attend your Grace presently.

Duke. How do you like 'em?

Bor. My Eyes are too dull Judges.

They wait here, Sir.

[Exit.]

Enter Honora, and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then. Come in, Ladies,
Welcome toth' Court sweet Beauties; now the Court shines,
When such true Beams of Beauty strike amongst us:
Welcome, welcome, ev'n as your own Joys welcome.
How do you like the Court? How seems it to you?
Is't not a Place created for all Sweetness?

Why were you made such Strangers to this Happiness?

Barr'd the Delights this holds? The richest Jewels

Set ne'er so well, if then not worn to wonder,

By judging Eyes not set off, lose their Lustre:

Your Country Shades are faint; blasters of Beauty:

The Manners, like the Place, obscure and heavy;

The Rose-buds of the Beauties turn to Cankers,

Eaten with inward Thoughts; while there ye wander.

Here Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloisters,

Here is the Sphere you move in: Here shine nobly,

And by your powerful Influence command all.

What a sweet Modesty dwells round about 'em,

And like a nipping Morn pulls their Blossoms?

Hon. Your Grace speaks cunningly; you do not this,
I hope, Sir, to betray us; we are poor Triumphs;

Nor can our Loss of Honour add to you, Sir:

Great Men, and great Thoughts, seek things great and wort'y,

Subjects to make 'em live, and not to lose 'em;

Conquests so nobly won. can never perish;

We are two simple Maids, untutor'd here, Sir;

Two honest Maids, is that a sin at Court, Sir?

Our

Our breeding is Obedience, but to good things,
 To virtuous and to fair: What wou'd you win on us?
 Why do I ask that Question, when I have found ye?
 Your Preamble has pour'd your Heart out to us;
 You would dishonour us; which in your Translation
 Here at the Court reads thus, your Grace wou'd love us,
 Most dearly love us: Stick us up for Mistresses:
 Most certain, there are thousands of our Sex, Sir,
 That wou'd be glad of this, and handsome Women,
 And crowd into this favour, fair young Women,
 Excellent Beauties, Sir: When ye have enjoy'd 'em,
 And suckt those Sweets they have, what Saints are these then?
 What worship have they won? what Name? you guess, Sir;
 What Story added to their Time, a sweet one?

Duke. A brave spirited Wench. *Hon.* I'll tell your Grace,
 And tell ye true: Ye are deceiv'd in us two,
 Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet in my Eye
 You are the handsom'st Man I ever look'd on,
 The goodliest Gentleman; take that hope with ye;
 And were I fit to be your Wife (so much I honour ye)
 Trust me I would scratch for ye but I wou'd have ye.
 wou'd woo you then.

Duke. She amazes me: But how I am deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honest,
 Believe it, Sir, too honest, far too honest,
 The way that you propound too ignorant,
 And there's no meddling with us; for we are Fools too,
 Obstinate, peevish Fools: If I would be ill,
 And had a Wanton's itch, to kick my Heels up,
 I wou'd not leap into th' Sun, and do't there,
 That all the World might see me: An obscure Shade, Sir,
 Dark as the Deed, there is no trusting Light with it,
 Nor that that's lighter far, vain-glorious Greatness.

Duke. You will love me as your Friend?

Hon. I will honour ye,
 As your poor humble Handmaid serve, and pray for ye.

Duke. What says my little one; you are not so obstinate?
 Lord how she blushes: Here are truly fair Souls.
 Come, you will be my Love? *Vio.* Good Sir be good to me,
 Indeed I'll do the best I can to please ye;
 I do beseech your Grace: Alas I fear ye.

Duke. What shoud'st thou fear? *Hon.* Fie Sir, this is not noble.

Duke. Why do I stand intreating, where my Pow'r——

Hon. You have no Pow'r, at least you ought to have none
 In bad and beastly things: Arm'd thus, I'll dye here,
 Before she suffer wrong. *Duke.* Another Archas?

Hon. His Child, Sir, and his Spirit.

Duke.

Duke. I'll deal with you then,
 For here's the Honour to be won: Sit down, Sweet,
Prithee Honora sit. *Hon.* Now ye intreat, I will, Sir.

Duke. I do, and will deserve it. *Hon.* That's too much Kindness.

Duke. Prethee look on me. *Hon.* Yes: I love to see ye,
 And cou'd look on an Age thus, and admire ye:
 While ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
 Kiss your white Hand. *Duke.* Why not my Lips?

Hon. I dare, Sir.

Duke. I do not think ye dare. *Hon.* I am no Coward.
 Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?
 You make me blush: But sure I mean no ill, Sir:
 It had been fitter you had kiss'd me.

Duke. That I'll do too. What hast thou wrought into me?

Hon. I hope all Goodness:
 While ye are thus, thus honest, I dare do any thing;
 Thus hang about your Neck, and thus doat on ye;
 Bless those fair Lights: Hell take me if I durst not—
 But good Sir pardon me. Sister come hither,
 Come hither, fear not, Wench: Come hither, blush not,
 Come kiss the Prince, the virtuous Prince, the good Prince:
 Certain he is excellent honest. *Duke.* Thou wilt make me—

Hon. Sit down, and hug him softly. *Duke.* Fie, *Honora*,
Wanton Honora; is this the Modesty,
 The noble Chastity your Onset shew'd me,
 At first Charge beaten back? Away. *Hon.* Thank ye:
 Upon my Knees I pray, Heav'n too may thank ye;
 Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;
 A Scene of greater Honour you ne'er acted:
 I knew Fame was a Liar, too long, and loud Tongu'd,
 And now I have found it. O my virtuous Master.

Vio. My virtuous Master too. *Hon.* Now you are thus,
 What shall become of me let Fortune cast for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that Fortune, if I live, *Honora*,
 Thou hast done a Cure upon me, Counsel cou'd not.

Alin. Here take your Ring, Sir, and whom ye mean to ruin,
 Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearly.

Hon. A Ring to her? *Duke.* Why frowns my fair *Alinda*?
 I have forgot both these again. *Alin.* Stand still, Sir,
 Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
 Consumes all Honour, Credit, Faith. *Hon.* How's this?

Alin. My Royal Mistress favour towards me,
 Woe-worth ye, Sir, ye have poyson'd, blasted.

Duke. I, Sweet?

Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,

Which

Which in a worse Man is vain-glorious feigning,
And kill'd my Truth.

Duke. Upon my Life 'tis false, Wench.

Alin. Ladies, take heed, ye have a cunning Gamester,
A handsome, and a high; come stor'd with Antidotes,
He has Infections else will fire your Bloods.

Duke. Prethee *Alinda* hear me. *Alin.* Words steep in Honey,
That will so melt into your Minds, buy Chastity,
A thousand ways, a thousand knots to tie ye;
And when he has bound ye his, a thousand Ruins.
A poor lost Woman ye have made me.

Duke. I'll maintain thee, and nobly too.

Alin. That Gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young Ladies: Still take heed,
Take heed of Promises, take heed of Gifts,
Of forced, feigned Sorrows, Sighs, take heed!

Duke. By all that's mine, *Alinda*—

Alin. Swear by your mischiefs.

O whither shall I go? *Duke.* Go back again,
I'll force her to take thee, love thee.

Alin. Fare ye well, Sir,
I will not curse ye; only this dwell with ye;
Whenever ye love, a false Belief light on ye.

[Exit.

Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.

Duke. Part all the World now,
Since she is gone. *Hon.* You are crooked yet, dear Master,
And still I fear—

[Exeunt.

Duke. I am vext, and some shall find it,

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas, and a Servant.

Arch. 'Tis strange,
To me to see the Court, and welcome.
O Royal Place, how have I lov'd and serv'd thee?
Who lies on this side, know'st thou?

Ser. The Lord *Burris*.

Arch. Thou hast nam'd a Gentleman I stand much bound to:
I think he sent the Casket, Sir? *Ser.* The same, Sir.

Arch. An honest-minded Man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home, I shall hit the way
Without a Guide now.

Ser. You may want something, Sir. *Arch.* Only my Horses,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:

I'll have no more attendance here. *Ser.* Your will, Sir. [Exit.
Enter

Enter Theodore.

The. You are well met here, Sir. *Arch.* How now, Boy,

How dost thou? *The.* I shou'd ask

You that Question: How do you, Sir?

How do you feel your self? *Arch.* Why well, and lusty.

The. What do you here then? *Arch.* Why I am sent for
To Supper with the Duke. *The.* Have you no Meat at home?

Or do you long to feed as hunted Deer do,
In doubt and fear? *Arch.* I have an excellent Stomach,

And can I use it better than among my Friends, Boy?

How do the Wenches? *The.* They do well enough, Sir,

They know the worst by this time: Pray be rul'd, Sir,

Go home again, and if ye have a Supper,

Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for ye,

Especially at this time, take my word for't.

Arch. May be they'll drink hard;

I could have drunk my share, Boy.

Though I am old, I will not out.

The. I hope you will.

Hark in your Ear: The Court's too quick of hearing.

Arch. Not mean me well? Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.

Away, away. *The.* To that end, Sir, I tell ye.

Away, if you love your self. *Arch.* Who dare do these things,

That ever heard of Honesty? *The.* Old Gentleman,

Take a Fool's Counsel. *Arch.* 'Tis a Fool's indeed;

A very Fool's: Thou hast more of these flams in thee,

These musty doubts: Is't fit the Duke send for me,

And honour me to eat within his Presence,

And I, like a tall Fellow, play at bo-peep

With his Pleasure? *The.* Take heed

Of bo-peep with your Pate, your Pate, Sir,

I speak plain Language now. *Arch.* If'twere not here,

Where Reverence bids me hold, I wou'd so swinge thee,

Thou rude unmanner'd Knave. Take from his Bounty,

His Honour that he gives me, to beget

Sawcy, and sullen Fears? *The.* You are not mad sure:

By this fair Light, I speak but what is whisper'd,

And whisper'd for a Truth. *Arch.* A Dog: Drunken People,

That in their Pot see Visions, and turn States,

Mad-men and Children: prithee do not follow me,

I tell thee I am angry: Do not follow me.

The. I am as angry as you for your Heart,

Ay and as wilful too: Go, like a Woodcock,

And thrust your Neck i' th' Noose. *Arch.* I'll kill thee,

And thou speak'st but three words more.

Do not follow me.

H

[Exit.
The.

The. A strange old foolish Fellow: I shall hear yet,
And if I do not my part, hiss at me.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a Banquet.

1 *Ser.* Believe me, Fellow, here will be lusty drinking.
Many a washt Pate in Wine I warrant thee.

2 *Ser.* I am glad the old General's come: Upon my Conscience
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpets,
They are coming on; away. 2 *Ser.* We'll have a rowse too. [Exc.

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attendants and Gentlemen.

Duke. Come seat your selves: Lord *Archas* sit you there.

Arch. 'Tis far above my Worth. *Duke.* I'll have it so:
Are all things ready? *Bor.* All the Guards are set,
The Court Gates are shut. *Duke.* Then do as I prescrib'd ye.
Be sure no further. *Bor.* I shall well observe ye.

Duke. Come bring some Wine; here's to my Sister, Gentlemen.
A Health, and Mirth all. *Arch.* Pray fill it full, Sir.

'Tis a high Health to Virtue: Here Lord *Burris*

A Maiden Health: You are most fit to pledge it,
You have a Maiden Soul, and much I honour it.

'Passion o' me, ye are sad, Man. *Duke.* How now, *Burris*?
Go to, no more of this. *Arch.* Take the rowse freely,

'Twill warm your Blood, and make ye fit for Jollity.

Your Grace's Pardon: When we get a Cup, Sir,

We old Men prate apace. *Duke.* Mirth makes a Banquet;

As you love me no more. *Bur.* I thank your Grace.

Give me it; Lord *Boroskie.* *Bor.* I have ill Brains, Sir.

Bur. Damnable ill, I know it. *Bor.* But I'll pledge, Sir,
This virtuous Health. *Bur.* The more unfit for thy Mouth.

Enter two Servants with Cloaks.

Duke. Come, bring out Robes, and let my Guests look nobly,
Fit for my Love and Presence. Begin downward.

Off with your Cloaks, take new. *Arch.* Your Grace deals truly,
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor Subjects.

Who would not fight for you? What cold dull Coward

Durst seek to save his Life when you would ask it?

Begin a new Health in your new Adornments,

The Duke's, the royal Duke's: Ha! what have I got,
Sir? ha! the Robe of Death? *Duke.* You have deserv'd it.

Arch. The Liv'ry of the Grave? Do you start all from me?

Do I smell of Earth already? Sir, look on me,

And like a Man; is this your Entertainment?

Do you bid your worthiest Guests to bloody Banquets?

Enter

Enter a Guard.

A Guard upon me too? This is too foul Play
Boy to thy good, thine Honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou Son of Fools and Flatterers, Heir of Hypocrites,
Am I serv'd in a Hearse, that sav'd ye all?
Are ye Men or Devils? Do ye gape upon me,
Wider, and swallow all my Services?
Entomb them first, my Faith next, then my Integrity,
And let these struggle with your mangy Minds,
Your fear'd, and seal'd up Consciences, till they burst.

Bor. These words are Death.

Arch. No, those Deeds that want Rewards, Sirrah,
Those Battels I have fought, those horrid Dangers,
Leaner than Death, and wilder than Destruction,
I have march'd upon, these honour'd Wounds, times Story,
The Blood I have lost, the Youth, the Sorrows suffer'd,
These are my Death, these that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
These are ye sit brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my deserts the Sweets and Savours,
And render me no pay again but Poysons.

Bor. The proud vain Soldier thou hast set— *Arch.* Thou liest,
Now by my little time of Life liest basely,
Maliciously, and loudly: How I scorn thee!
If I had swell'd the Soldier, or intended
An act in Person, leaning to Dishonour,
As ye wou'd fain have forc'd me, witness Heav'n,
Where clearest understanding of all Truth is,
(For these are spiteful Men, and know no Piety)
When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his Marches,
His last Incurfions, made the City sweat,
And drove before him, as a Storm drives Hail,
Such Showers of frosted Fears, shook all your Heart-strings;
Then, when the *Volga* trembled at his Terrour,
And hid his seven curl'd Heads, afraid of bruising,
By his arm'd Horses Hoofs, had I been false then,
Or blown a treacherous fire into the Soldiers,
Had but one spark of Villany liv'd within me,
Ye'ad had some shadow for this black about me.
Where was your Soldiership? Why went not you out?
And all your right honourable Valour with ye?
Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defy'd him?
Drew your dead-doing Sword, and buckl'd with him?
Shot through his Squadrons like a fiery Meteor?
And as we see a dreadful clap of Thunder
Rend the stiff hearted Oaks, and toss their Roots up:
Why did not you so charge him? You were sick then,

You that dare taint my Credit slipt to Bed then,
 Stewing and fainting with the Fears ye had,
 A Whorson shaking fit oppress your Lordship.
 Blush Coward, Knave, and all the World hiss at thee.

Duke. Exceed not my Command.

[*Exit.*

Bor. I shall observe it.

Arch. Are you gone too? Come, weep not, honest *Burris*,
 Good loving Lord, no more Tears: 'Tis not his Malice,
 This Fellow's Malice, nor the Duke's Displeasure,
 By bold bad Men crouded into his Nature,
 Can startle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this Fort yet.
 I am the same, the same Man, living, dying;
 The same Mind to 'em both, I poize thus equal;
 Only the Jugling way that toll'd me to it,
 The Judas way, to kiss me, bid me welcome,
 And cut my Throat, a little sticks upon me.
 Farewel, commend me to his Grace, and tell him,
 The World is full of Servants, he may have many:
 And some I wish him honest: He's undone else:
 But such another doating *Archbas* never,
 So try'd and touch'd a Faith: Farewel for ever.

Bur. Be strong my Lord: You must not go thus lightly.

Arch. Now what's to do? What says the Law unto me?
 Give me my great Offence that speaks me Guilty.

Bor. Laying aside a thousand petty matters,
 As Scorns, and Insolencies both from your self and Follow'rs,
 Which you put first fire to, and these are deadly,
 I come to one main Cause, which though it carries
 A strangeness in the Circumstance, it carries Death too,
 Not to be pardon'd neither. Ye have done a Sacrilege.

Arch. High Heav'n defend me Man: How, how *Boroskie*?

Bor. Ye have took from the Temple those vow'd Arms,
 The holy Ornâments you hung up there,
 No absolution of your Vow, no Order
 From holy Church to give 'em back unto you,
 After they were purified from War, and rested
 From Blood, made clean by Ceremony: From the Altar
 You snatch'd 'em up again, again ye wore 'em,
 Again you stain'd 'em, stain'd your Vow, the Church too,
 And rob'd it of that Right was none of yours, Sir,
 For which the Law requires your Head, ye know it.

Arch. Those Arms I fought in last?

Bor. The same. *Arch.* God-a-mercy,

Thou hast hunted out a notable cause to kill me:
 A subtle one: I die, for saving all you;
 Good Sir, remember, if you can, the necessity,

The suddenness of time, the State all stood in;
I was intreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The Duke himself, the Princes, all the Nobles,
The cries of Infants, Bed-rid Fathers, Virgins;
Prethee find out a better Cause, a handsomer,
This will undo thee too: People will spit at thee,
The Devil himself wou'd be asham'd of this Cause;
Because my haste made me forget the Ceremony,
The present Danger ev'ry where, must my Life satisfy?

Bor. It must, and shall. *Arch.* O base ungrateful People,
Have ye no other Swords to cut my Throat with
But mine own Nobleness? I confess, I took 'em,
The Vow not yet absolv'd I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce *Tartars* Bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar Safety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Country's health, that groan'd then:
Took from the Temple, to preserve the Temple;
That holy Place, and all the sacred Monuments,
The reverend Shrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been consum'd to Ashes, their own Sacrifice;
Had I been slack, or staid that Absolution,
No Priest had liv'd to give it. My own Honour,
Cure of my Country, murder me? *Bor.* No, no, Sir,
I shall force that from ye, will make this Cause light too.
Away with him: I shall pluck down that Heart, Sir.

Arch. Break it thou may'st, but if it bend for Piss,
Dogs and Kites eat it. Come, I am Honour's Martyr.

[*Ex.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my Warrant? *Bur.* You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well eat Death, as do it, eat Wildfire.

Through a few Fears I mean to try his Goodness,

That I may find him fit to wear here, *Burris*;

I know *Boroskie* hates him, to Death hates him,

I know he's a Serpent too, a swoln one,

[*Noise within.*

But I have pull'd his Sting out. What Noise is that? (*Gates.*

The. within. Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the

Sol. within. Stand, stand, stand.

Putf. within. Fire the Palace before ye.

Bur. Upon my Life the Soldier, Sir, the Soldier,
A miserable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh save him,

Upon

Upon my Knees, my Heart's Knees, save Lord *Archas*,
We are undone else. *Duke.* Dares he touch his Body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, most fearfully. *Duke.* Away *Burris*,
Take Men. and take him from him, clap him up,
And if I live, I'll find a strange Death for him. [*Ex. Bur.*
Are the Soldiers broke in? *Gent.* By this time sure they are, Sir,
They beat the Gates extreemly, beat the People.

Duke. Get me a Guard about me; make sure the Lodgings,
And speak the Soldiers fair. *Gent.* Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exe.*

Enter Putskie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with Torches.

Putf. Give us the General, we'll fire the Court else,
Render him safe and well. *Anc.* Do not fire the Cellar, (ther,
There's excellent Wine in't, Captain, and though it be cold Wea-
I do not love it mull'd; bring out the General,
We'll light ye such a Bone-fire else: Where are ye?
Speak, or we'll toss your Turrets; peep out of your Hives,
We'll smoke ye else: Is not that a Nose there?
Put out that Nose again, and if thou dar'st
But blow it before us: Now he creeps out on's Burrough.

Enter Gentleman.

Putf. Give us the General.

Gent. Yes, Gentlemen; or any thing ye can desire.

Anc. You Musk-cat.

Cordevant-skin, we will not take your Answer.

Putf. Where is the Duke? Speak suddenly, and send him hither.

Anc. Or we'll so fry your Buttocks.

Gent. Good sweet Gentlemen—

Anc. We are neither good nor sweet, we are Soldiers,
And you Miscreants that abuse the General.
Give fire my Boys, 'tis a dark Evening,
Let's light 'em to their Lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and Women;

Hon. Good Brother be not fierce.

The. I will not hurt her; fear not, sweet Lady.

Olym. Nay, do what you please, Sir,
I have a Sorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contains all Danger.

Enter Duke, above.

The. Where is the Duke?

Duke. He's here; what wou'd ye Soldiers? Wherefore troop ye
Like mutinous Mad-men thus? *The.* Give me my Father.

Putf. Anc. Give us our General. *The.* Set him here before us,
Ye see the Pledge we have got; ye see the Torches;
All shall to Ashes, as I live, immediately,
A thousand Lives for one. *Duke.* But hear me?

Putf. No, we come not to Dispute.

Enter

Enter Archas, and Burris.

The. By Heav'n I swear he's rackt and whipt.

Hon. Oh my poor Father! *Puff.* Burn, kill and burn.

Arch. Hold, hold, I say: Hold Soldiers,
On your Allegiance hold.

The. We must not. *Arch.* Hold:

I swear by Heav'n he is a barbarous Traitor stirs first,
A Villain, and a Stranger to Obedience,
Never my Soldier more, nor Friend to Honour.
Why did you use your old Man thus? Thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak Body? I ever lov'd ye.

Duke. Forget in me these wrongs, most noble *Archas.*

Arch. I have balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no more, Sir,
A satisfaction for a thousand Sorrows.

I do believe you innocent, a good Man,
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.

Why look ye wild, my Friends? Why stare ye on me?

I charge ye, as ye are Men, my Men, my Lovers,

As ye are honest faithful Men, fair Soldiers,

Let down your Anger: Is not this our Sovereign?

The Head of Mercy, and of Law? Who dares then,

But Rebels, scorning Law, appear thus violent?

Is this a place for Swords? For threatening Fires?

The Reverence of this House dares any touch,

But with obedient Knees, and pious Duties?

Are we not all his Subjects? All sworn to him?

Has not he pow'r to punish our Offences?

And do we not daily fall into them? Assure your selves

I did offend, and highly, grievously,

This good, sweet Prince I offended, my Life forfeited,

Which yet his Mercy, and his old Love met with,

And only let me feel his light Rod this way:

Ye are to thank him for your General,

Pray for his Life and Fortune; swear your Bloods for him?

Ye are Offenders too, daily Offenders,

Proud Insolencies dwell in your Hearts, and ye do 'em,

Do 'em against his Peace, his Law, his Person,

Ye see he only Sorrows for your Sins,

And where his Pow'r might persecute, forgives ye:

For shame put up your Swords, for Honesty,

For Orders sake, and whose ye are, my Soldiers

Be not so rude.

The. They have drawn Blood from you, Sir.

Arch. That was the Blood rebell'd, the naughty Blood,

The proud provoking Blood; 'tis well 'tis out, Boy;

Give you Example first, draw out, and orderly.

Hon.

Hon. Good Brother, do.

Arch. Honest and high Example,
As thou wilt have my Blessing follow thee,
Inherit all mine Honours: Thank ye *Theodore*,
My worthy Son.

The. If harm come, thank your self, Sir,
I must obey ye.

[*Exit.*]

Arch. Captain, you know the way now:
A good Man, and a Valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honest things; I thank ye, Captain
Soldiers, I thank ye all: And love me still,
But do not love me so you lose Allegiance,
Love that above your Lives: Once more I thank ye.

[*Ex. Sol.*]

Duke. Bring him to Rest, and let our Cares wait on him;
Thou excellent old Man, thou top of Honour,
Where Justice and Obedience only build,
Thou stock of Virtue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Bur. Remember him that vext him, Sir. *Duke.* Remember?
When I forget that Villain, and to pay him
For all his Mischiefs, may all good Thoughts forget me.

Arch. I am very fore.

Duke. Bring him to Bed with ease, Gentlemen,
For every Stripe I'll drop a Tear to wash 'em,
And in my sad Repentance ——— *Arch.* 'Tis too much,
I have a Life yet left to gain that Love, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. **H**OW does Lord *Archas*?

Bur. But weak, and'r please ye;
Yet all the helps that Art can, are applied to him;
His Heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His Mind being sound, his Body soon will follow.

Duke. O that base Knave that wrong'd him, without leave too;
But I shall find an hour to give him Thanks for't;
He's fast, I hope.

Bur. As fast as Irons can keep him:
But the most fearful Wretch — — —

Duke. He has a Conscience,
A cruel stinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one: But what news of the Soldier?
I did not like their parting, 'twas too sudden.

Bur.

The Loyal Subject.

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Bur. That they keep still, and I fear a worse Chap.
They are drawn out of the Town, and stand in Councils,
Hatching unquiet Thoughts, and cruel Purposes.
I went my self unto 'em, talkt with the Captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud Murmurs,
And desperate Curses, sounding these Words often,
Like Trumpets to their Angers. We are ruin'd,
Our Services turn'd to Disgraces, Mischiefs,
Our brave old General, like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt: The Colonel's Eyes, like Torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair Peace.

Gent. Yet worse, Sir;
The News is currant now, they mean to leave ye,
Leave their Allegiance; and under *Olin's* Charge,
The Bloody Enemy, march straight against ye.

Bur. I have heard this too, Sir.

Duke. This must be prevented,
And suddenly, and warily.

Bur. 'Tis time, Sir;
But what to minister, or how?

Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't. Such Blows as these
Equal Defences ask, else they displease.

SCENE II.

Enter Petesca, and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with these Soldiers!
They are cruel Fellows.

Wom. And yet methought we found 'em
Handsome enough; I'll tell thee true, *Petesca*,
I lookt for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my self: But where's my Lady?

Pet. In her old Dumps within: Monstrous melancholy,
Sure she was mad of this Wench.

Wom. And she had been a Man,
She wou'd have been a great deal madder, I am glad she is shifted.

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her,
And yet I must confess she stood in our Lights.

Enter Alinda.

What young thing's this?

Alin. Good Morrow beauteous Gentlewomen:
'Pray ye is the Princess stirring yet?

Wom. He has her Face.

Pet. Her very Tongue, and Tone too: Her Yough upon him.

Alin.

Alin. I guess ye to be Princess's Women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.

Alin. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her Grace, H
Ye call *Alinda*?

Pet. The Devil sure in her Shape.

Wom. I have heard her tell my Lady of a Brother,
An only Brother that she had: In Travel—

Pet. 'Mafs, I remember that: (This may be he too:
I would this thing wou'd serve her.

Enter Olympia.

Wom. So would I Wench,
We shou'd love him better sure. Sir, here's the Princess,
She best can satisfie ye.

Alin. How I love that Presence!
O blessed Eyes, how nobly shine your Comforts!

Olym. What Gentleman is that?

Wom. We know not, Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: And as we guess'd
He is *Alinda*'s Brother.

Olym. Ha! Let me mark him:
My Grief has almost blinded me: Her Brother?
By *Venus*, he has all her sweetness upon him:
Two silver drops of Dew were never liker.

Alin. Gracious Lady—

Olym. That pleasant Pipe he has too.

Alin. Being my Happiness to pass by this way,
And having, as I understand by Letters,
A Sister in your virtuous Service, Madam—

Olym. O now my Heart, my Heart akes.

Alin. All the Comfort

My poor Youth has, all that my hopes have built me,
I thought it my first Duty, my best Service,
Here to arrive first, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor Sister, humbly to thank your Nobleness,
That bounteous Goodness in ye.

Olym. 'Tis he certainly.

Alin. That spring of favour to her, with my Life, Madam,
If any such most happy means might meet me,
To shew my Thankfulness.

Olym. What have I done, Fool!

Alin. She came a Stranger to your Grace, no Courtier;
Nor of that curious Breed befits your Service,
Yet one, I dare assure my Soul, that lov'd ye
Before she saw ye; doted on your Virtues;
Before she knew those fair Eyes, long'd to read 'em,
You only had her Prayers, you her Wishes;

And

And that one hope to be your eyes, ~~present'd her~~
Olym. I have done wickedly.
Alin. A little Beauty, ~~as I know all this~~
 Such as a Cottage breeds, she brought along with her;
 And yet our Country eyes ~~threw~~ it much too soon
 But for her beauteous Mind, ~~forget great Lady~~
 I am her Brother, and let me speak a Stranger,
 Since she was able to beget a Thought, 'twas honest
 The daily study how to fit your Services,
 Truly to tread that virtuous Path you walk in
 So fir'd her honest Soul, we thought her Sainted
 I presume she is still the same: I would fain see her,
 For, Madam, 'tis no little Love I owe her.
Olym. Sir, such a Maid there was, I had ~~known~~
Alin. There was, Madam?
Olym. O my poor Wench: ~~Eyes~~, I will ever outlive you
 For your Credulity. *Alinda*
Alin. That's her Name, Madam.
Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.
Alin. Is she dead, Lady?
Olym. Dead, Sir, to my Service.
 She is gone, pray ye ask no further.
Alin. I obey, Madam.
 Gone? Now must I lament too: Said ye gone, Madam?
Olym. Gone, gone, for ever.
Alin. That's a cruel saying:
 Her Honour too?
Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
 And if thou ever lov'dst her, spit upon me:
 Do something like a Brother, like a Friend,
 And do not only say thou lov'dst her
Alin. Ye amaze me.
Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her,
 Poor innocent Soul, I flung her; sweet *Alinda*,
 Thou virtuous Maid, My Soul now calls thee Virtuous
 Why do ye not rail now at me?
Alin. For what, Lady?
Olym. Call me base treach'rous Woman.
Alin. Heav'n defend me.
Olym. Rashly I thought her false, and put her from me,
 Rashly, and madly I betray'd her Modesty,
 Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where: Nay, more Sir,
 Stuck a black Brand upon her.
Alin. 'Twas not well, Lady.
Olym. 'Twas damnable: She loving me so dearly,
 Never poor Wench lov'd so: Sir, believe,

'Twas the most duteous Wench, the best Companion,
When I was pleas'd, the happiest, and the gladdest;
The modestest sweet Nature dwelt within her.
I saw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
O what have I forsaken? What have I lost?

Alin. Madam, I'll take my leave, since she is wandering,
'Tis fit I know no rest.

Olym. Will you go too, Sir?

I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare trust me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there, I honour her,
I love to look upon those Eyes that speak her,
To read the Face again, (Modesty keep me),
Alinda, in that Shape. But why shou'd you trust me,
'Twas I betray'd your Sister, I undid her,
And, believe me, gentle Youth, 'tis I weep for her.
Appoint what Penance you please: But stay then,
And see me perform it: Ask what Honour this Place
Is able to heap on ye, or what Wealth:
In following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your Sister's sake, for your own Goodness—

Alin. Not all the Honour Earth has, now she's gone, Lady,
Not all the Favour; yet if I sought Preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I wou'd only take it.
Peace rest upon ye: One sad Tear every Day,
For poor *Alinda*'s sake, 'tis fit ye pay. [Exit.

Olym. A thousand, noble Youth, and when I sleep,
Even in my silver Slumbers still I'll weep. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, and Gentleman.

Duke. Have ye been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, and't please your Grace,
But no Persuasion serves 'em, nor no Promise,
They are fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their March to the Enemy.

Duke. They must be stopt.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? And what Leader—

Duke. How now, have you been with *Archas*?

Bur. Yes, and't please ye,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd Lion,
And calls for his Arms, and all those honest Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.

Duke.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing?

Bur. His Mind is well enough; and where his Charge is,
Let him be ne'er so fore, 'tis a full Army.

Duke. Who commands the Rebels?

Bur. The young Colonel,
That makes the old Man almost mad. He swears, Sir,
He will not spare his Son's Head for the Dukedom.

Duke. Is the Court in Arms?

Bur. As fast as they can bustle,
Every Man mad to go now: Inspir'd strangely,
As if they were to force the Enemy:
I beseech your Grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go Sir,
And look to the old Man well; take up all fairly.
And let no Blood be spilt; take general Pardons,
And quench this fury with fair Peace.

Bur. I shall Sir,
Or seal it with my Service; they are Villains:
The Court is up: Good Sir, go strengthen 'em,
Your Royal Sight will make 'em scorn all Dangers;
The General needs no Proof.

Duke. Come let's go view 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancients, Soldiers, Drums, and Colours.

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching; no Submission,
No promise of base Peace can cure our Maladies,
We have suffer'd beyond all repair of Honour:
Your valiant old Man's whipt, whipt, Gentlemen,
Whipt like a Slave: That Flesh that never trembled,
Nor shrunk one Sinew at a thousand Charges,
That noble Body rib'd in Arms, the Enemy
So often shook at, and then shun'd like Thunder,
That Body's torn with Lashes.

Anc. Let's turn Head.

Putsk. Turn nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairly,
Unless they charge us.

The. Think still of his Abuses, and keep your Angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a Top;
I never saw a Whore so lac'd: Court School-butter?
Is this their Diet? I'll dress 'em one running Banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? Did not we see him?
See him we lov'd?

The.

The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his Reverence for that time; is't fit, Gentlemen,
My noble Friends, is't fit we Men, and Soldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Putf. Forward: They may call back the Sun as soon; stay Time,
Prescribe a Law to Death, as we endure this.

The. They will make ye all fair Promises.

Anc. We care not.

The. Use all their Arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their Arts.

Putf. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then, he is old and cannot overtake us.

Putf. Say he do.

Anc. We'll run away with him: They shall never see him more:
The Truth is, we'll hear nothing, stop at nothing.

Consider nothing but our way; believe nothing.

Not though they say their Prayers: Be content with nothing,

But the knocking out their Brains: And last, do nothing.

But ban 'em and curse 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove then forwards bravely; keep your Minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em, shall be fatal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Arch. Peace to your Grace; take rest Sir, they are before us.

Gent. They are Sir, and upon the March. [Exit Duke.]

Arch. Lord Burris,

Take you those Horse and coast 'em: Upon the first advantage,

If they will not slack their March, Charge 'em up roundly,

By that time I'll come in.

Bur. I'll do it truly.

Gent. How do you feel your self, Sir?

Arch. Well, I thank ye;

A little weak, but Anger shall supply that;

You will all stand bravely to it?

All. While we have Lives, Sir.

Arch. Ye speak like Gentlemen: I'll make the Knaves know,
The proudest, and the strongest hearted Rebel,

They have a Law to live in, and they shall have;

Beat up apace, by this time he is upon 'em,

And Sword, but hold me now, thou shalt play over. [Drum within.]

Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and their Soldiers.

The. Stand, stand, stand close, and sure;

Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.

The Horse will charge us.

Anc.

Anc. Let 'em come on, we have Provender fit for 'em.

Putf. Here comes Lord *Burris*, Sir, I think to Parly.

The. You are welcome, noble Sir, I hope to our part.

Bur. No, valiant Colonel, I am come to chide ye,

To pity ye; to kill ye, if these fail me,

Fie, what Dishonour seek ye! What black Infamy!

Why do ye draw out thus? Draw all Shame with ye?

Are these fit Cares in Subjects? I command ye

Lay down your Arms again, move in that Peace,

That fair Obedience you were bred in.

Putf. Charge us. We come not here to argue.

The. Charge up bravely,

And hotly too, we have hot Splreens to meet ye,

Hot as the Shames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gentlemen and Soldiers.

Bur. Look behind ye.

Do you see that old Man? do you know him, Soldiers?

Putf. Your Father, Sir, believe me.

Bur. You know his Marches,

You have seen his Executions: Is it yet Peace?

The. We'll die here first.

Bur. Farewel: You'll hear on's presently.

Arch. Stay, *Burris*: This is too poor, too beggarly a Body

To bear the Honour of a Charge from me,

A sort of tatter'd Rebels; go provide Gallowses;

Ye are troubled with hot Heads, I'll cool ye presently:

These look like Men that were my Soldiers

Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,

My honest Friends: Where got they these fair Figures?

Where did they steal these Shapes?

Bur. They are struck already.

Arch. Do you see that Fellow there, that goodly Rebel?

He looks as like a Captain May'd tenderly:

A Fellow of a Faith indeed. *Bur.* He has sham'd him.

Arch. And that that bears the Colours there, most certain

So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave Fellow,

A loving and obedient, that believe me, *Burris*,

I am amaz'd and troubled: And were it not

I know the genral Goodness of my People,

The Duty, and the Truth, the stedfast Honesty,

And am assur'd they would as soon turn Devils

As Rebels to Allegiance, for mine Honour.

Bur. Here needs no Wars. *Putf.* I pray forgive us, Sir.

Anc. Good General forgive us, or use your Sword.

Your Words are double Death. *All.* Good noble General.

Bur.

Bur. Pray, Sir, be merciful.

Arch. Weep out your Shames first,
Ye make me Fool for Company: Pie Soldiers,
My Soldiers too, and play these Tricks? What's he there?
Sure I have seen his Face too; yes, most certain
I have a Son, but I hope he is not here now,
Wou'd much resemble this Man, wondrous near him,
Just of his height and making too; you seem a Leader.

The. Good Sir, do not shame me more: I know your Angel,
And less than Death I look not for.

Arch. You shall be my Charge, Sir, it seems you want Foes,
When you would make your Friends your Enemies:
A running Blood ye have, but I shall cure ye.

Bur. Good Sir——

Anc. No more, Good Lord: Beat forward Soldiers:
And you, march in the Rear, you have lost your Places! *[Exit.]*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.

Duke. You shall not be thus sullen still with me, Sister,
You do the most unnobly to be angry,
For as I have a Soul I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchast Thought in her:
I must confess, I lov'd her, as who would not?
I must confess I doated on her strangely,
I offer'd all, yet so strong was her Honour,
So fortify'd as fair, no Hope could reach her,
And while the World beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be so jealous? *Olym.* Good Sir, pardon me,
I feel sufficiently my Folly's Penance,
And am asham'd, that Shame a thousand Sorrows
Feed on continually; wou'd I had never seen her,
Or with a clearer Judgement look'd upon her:
She was too good for me, so Heav'nly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heav'n can love that Soul sufficiently,
Where I shall see her once again.

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more Tears,
If she be within the Dukedom, we'll recover her:
Welcome Lord *Burris*, fair News I hope.

Bur. Most fair, Sir,
Without one drop of Blood these Wars are ended,
The Soldier cool'd again, indeed asham'd, Sir,

And

And all his Anger ended. *Duke.* Where's Lord *Archas*?

Bur. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant Son,
Head of this Fire, but now a Prisoner,
And if by your sweet Mercy not prevented,
I fear some fatal stroke. [Drums.]

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Duke. I hear the Drums beat,
Welcome my worthy Friend.

Arch. Stand where ye are, Sir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for Peace till I have done a Justice,
A Justice on this Villain, none of mine now,
A Justice on this Rebel. *Hon.* O my Brother!

Arch. This fatal Firebrand——

Duke. Forget not, old Man,
He is thy Son, of thine own Blood. *Arch.* In these Veins
No Treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no Mutiny,
I ne'er gave Life to lewd and headstrong Rebels.

Duke. 'Tis his first Fault. *Arch.* Not of thousand, Sir;
Or were it so, it is a Fault so mighty,
So strong against the nature of all Mercy,
His Mother, were she living, wou'd not weep for him,
He dare not say he wou'd live. *The.* I must not, Sir,
While you say 'tis not fit: Your Grace's Mercy,
Not to my Life apply'd, but to my Fault, Sir,
The World's forgiveness next; last, on my Knees, Sir,
I humbly beg,

Do not take from me yet the Name of Father,
Strike me a thousand Blows; but let me die yours.

Arch. He moves my Heart: I must be sudden with him,
I shall grow faint else in my Execution,
Come, come Sir, you have seen Death; now meet him bravely.

Duke. Hold, hold I say, a little hold, consider
Thou hast no more Sons, *Archas*, to inherit thee.

Arch. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a Nobler:
No Treason shall inherit me: Young *Archas*,
A Boy as sweet as young, my Brother breeds him,
My noble Brother *Briskie* breeds him nobly,
Him let your Favour find: Give him your Honour.

Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda, (alias Archas.)

Putf. Thou hast no Child left, *Archas*, none to inherit thee,
If thou strik'st that stroke now. Behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy Brother here, thou bloody Brother,
As bloody to this Sacrifice as thou art.

Heave up thy Sword, and mine's heav'd up: Strike, *Archas*;

And I'll strike too as suddenly, as deadly:
 Have Mercy, and I'll have Mercy: The Duke gives it.
 Look upon all these, how they weep it from thee,
 Chuse quickly, and begin. *Duke.* On your Obedience,
 On your Allegiance save him.

Arch. Take him to ye, [Soldiers shout.]
 And Sirrah, be an honest Man, ye have reason:
 I thank ye, worthy Brother: Welcome, Child,
 Mine own sweet Child.

Duke. Why was this Boy conceal'd thus?

Putf. Your Grace's Pardon.

Fearing the Vow you made against my Brother,
 And that your Anger wou'd not only light
 On him, but find out all his Family,
 This young Boy, to preserve from after Danger,
 Like a young Wench, hither I brought; my self
 In the habit of an ordinary Captain
 Disguis'd, got Entertainment, and serv'd here,
 That I might still be ready to all Fortunes:

That Boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
 But thought a Girl. *Alinda, Madam.* *Olym.* Stand away,
 And let me look upon him. *Duke.* My young Mistress?
 'This is a strange Metamorphosis, *Alinda?*

Alin. Your Grace's humble Servant.

Duke. Come hither, Sister.

I dare yet scarce believe mine Eyes: How they view one another
 Dost thou not love this Boy well?

Olym. I should lye else, trust me, extremely lye, Sir.

Duke. Didst thou never wish, *Olympia,*
 It might be thus? *Olym.* A thousand times.

Duke. Here take him:

Nay, do not blush: I do not jest; kiss sweetly:
 Boy, ye kiss faintly, Boy; Heav'n give ye comfort;
 Teach him, he'll quickly learn: There's two Hearts eas'd now.

Arch. You do me too much Honour, Sir.

Duke. No, *Archas,*

But all I can, I will. Can you love me? Speak truly.

Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly.

Duke. Come hither, *Viola,* can you love this Man?

Vio. I'll do the best I can, Sir. *Duke.* Seal it, *Burris,*
 We'll all to Church together instantly:
 And then a vie for Boys. Stay, bring *Boroskie.*

Enter Boroskie.

I had almost forgot that lump of mischief.
 There *Archas,* take the Enemy to Honour,

The Knave to worth: Do with him what thou wilt.

Arch. Then to my Sword again; you to your Prayers;
Wash off your Villanies, you feel the Burthen.

Bor. Forgive me e're I die, most honest *Archas*;
'Tis too much Honour that I perish thus;
O strike my Faults to kill them, that no Memory,
No black and blasted Infamy hereafter—

Arch. Come, are ye ready? *Bor.* Yes.

Arch. And truly Penitent, to make your way straight?

Bor. Thus I wash off my Sins.

Arch. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honest Man; I scorn Men's Ruins:

Take him again, Sir, try him: And believe

This thing will be a perfect Man. *Duke.* I take him.

Bor. And when I fail those hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail me.

Duke. You are old: No more Wars, Father:

Theodore take you the Charge, be General.

The. All good bless ye.

Duke. And my good Father, you dwell in my Bosom,
From you rise all my good Thoughts: When I would think
And examine Time for one that's fairly noble,
And the same Man through all the streights of Virtue,
Upon this silver Book I'll look, and read him.

Now forward-merrily to *Hymen's* Rites,

To Joys, and Revels, Sports, and he that can

Most honour *Archas*, is the noblest Man.

[*Exeunt*]

EPILOGUE.

THough something well assur'd, few here repent
Three Hours of precious Time, or Mony spent
On our Endeavours; yet not to rely
Too much upon our Care and Industry,
'Tis fit we should ask, but a modest way,
How you approve our Action in the Play.
If you vouchsafe to crown it with Applause
It is your Bounty, and you give us cause
Hereafter with a general Consent
To study, as becomes us, your Content.

F I N I S.